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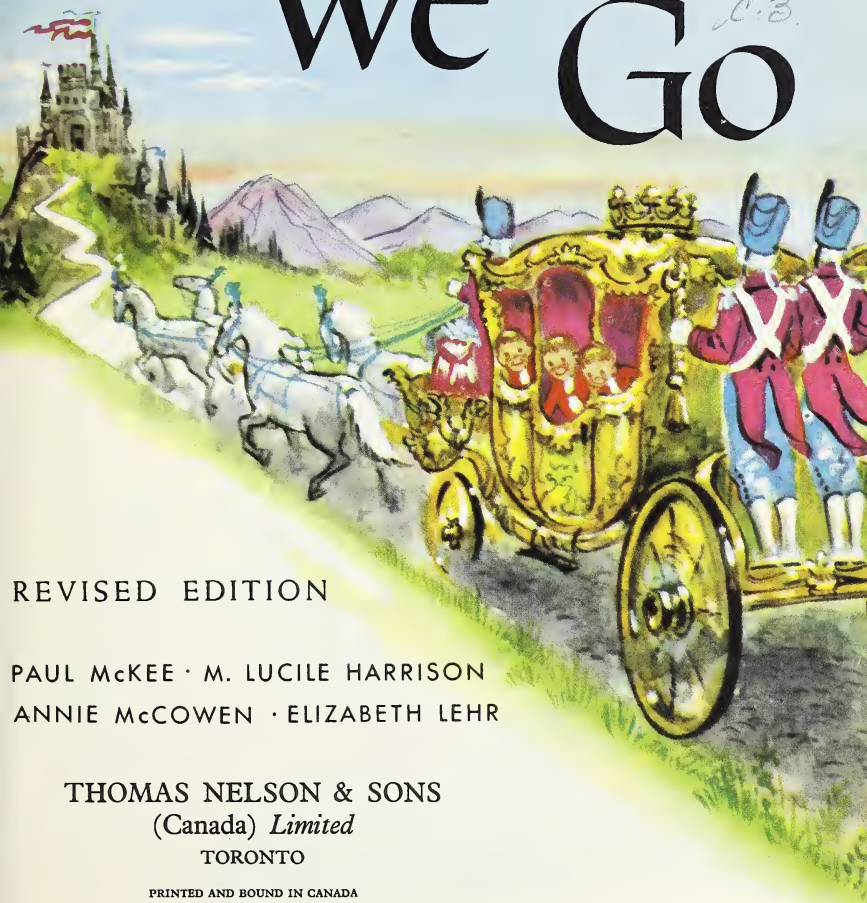


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Reading for Meaning

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REVISED EDITION

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ANNIE McCOWEN · ELIZABETH LEHR

THOMAS NELSON & SONS
(Canada) *Limited*
TORONTO

PRINTED AND BOUND IN CANADA
1958

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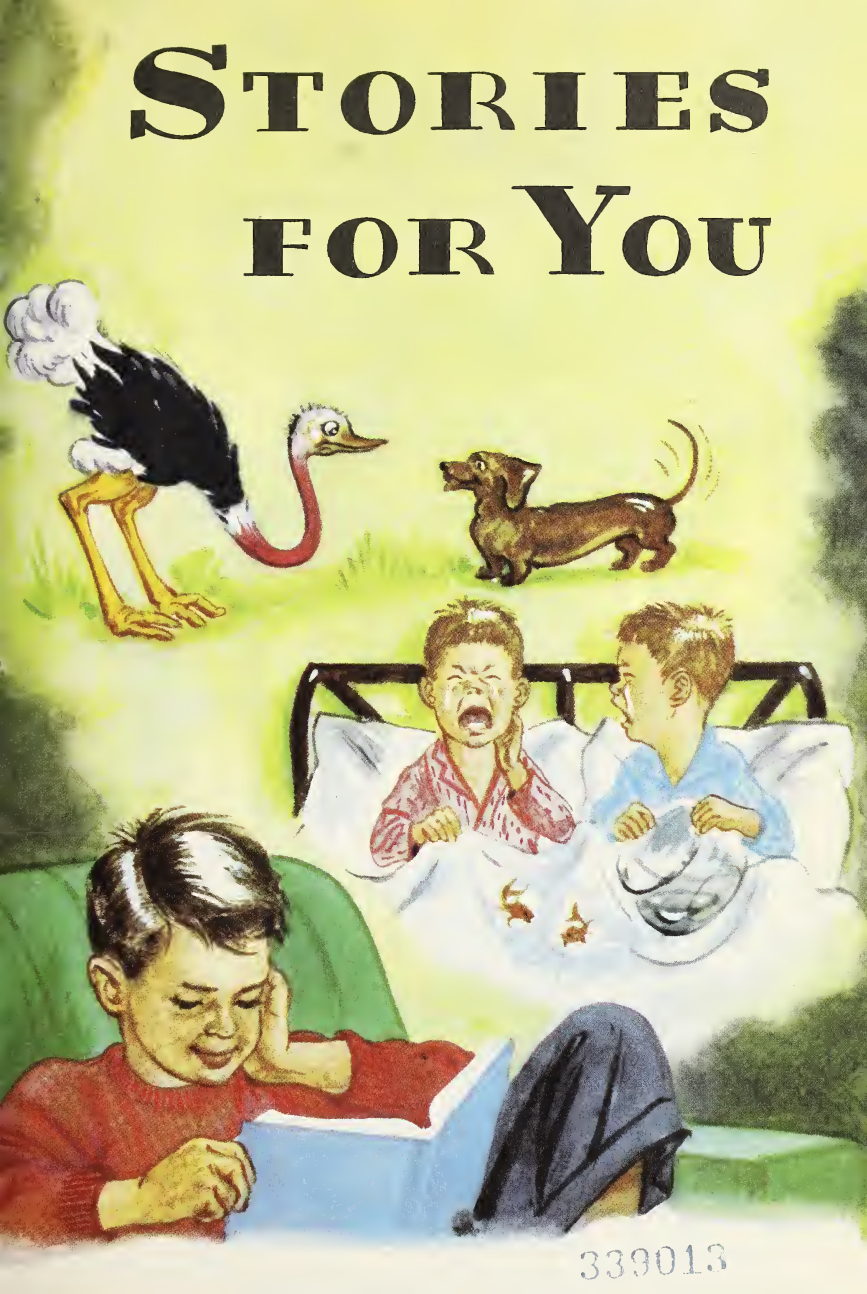
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STORIES FOR YOU



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Noodle 5

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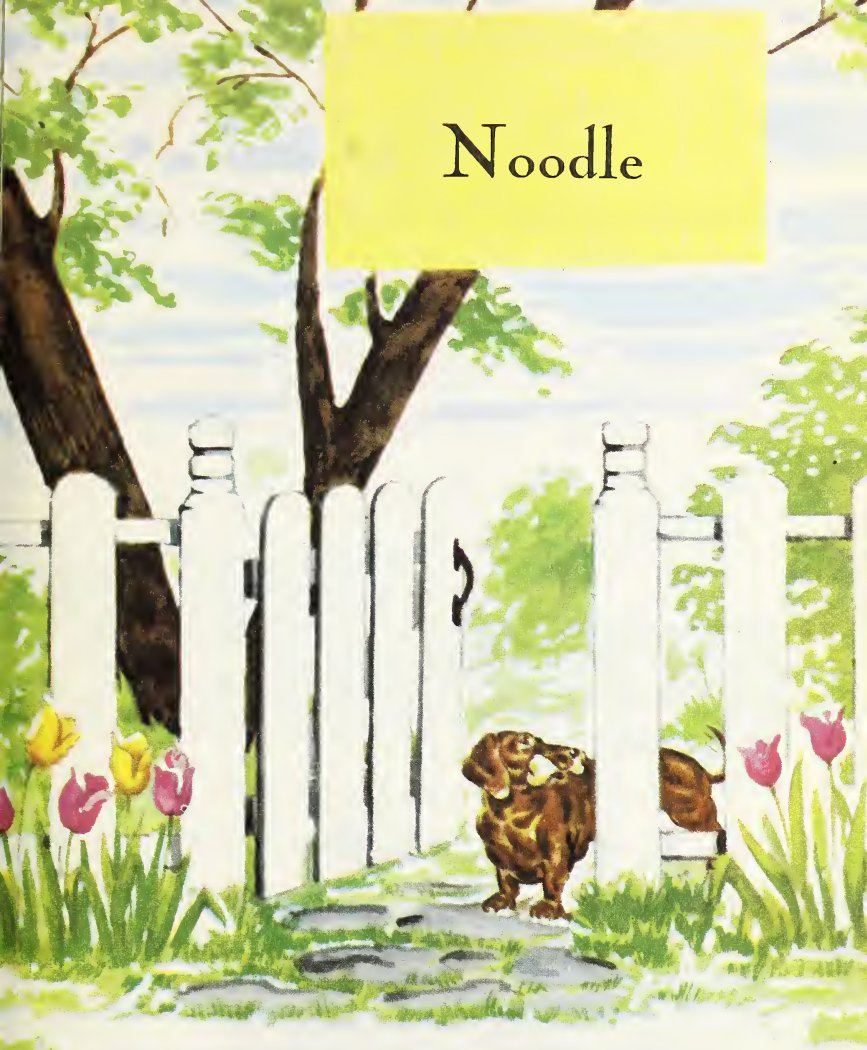
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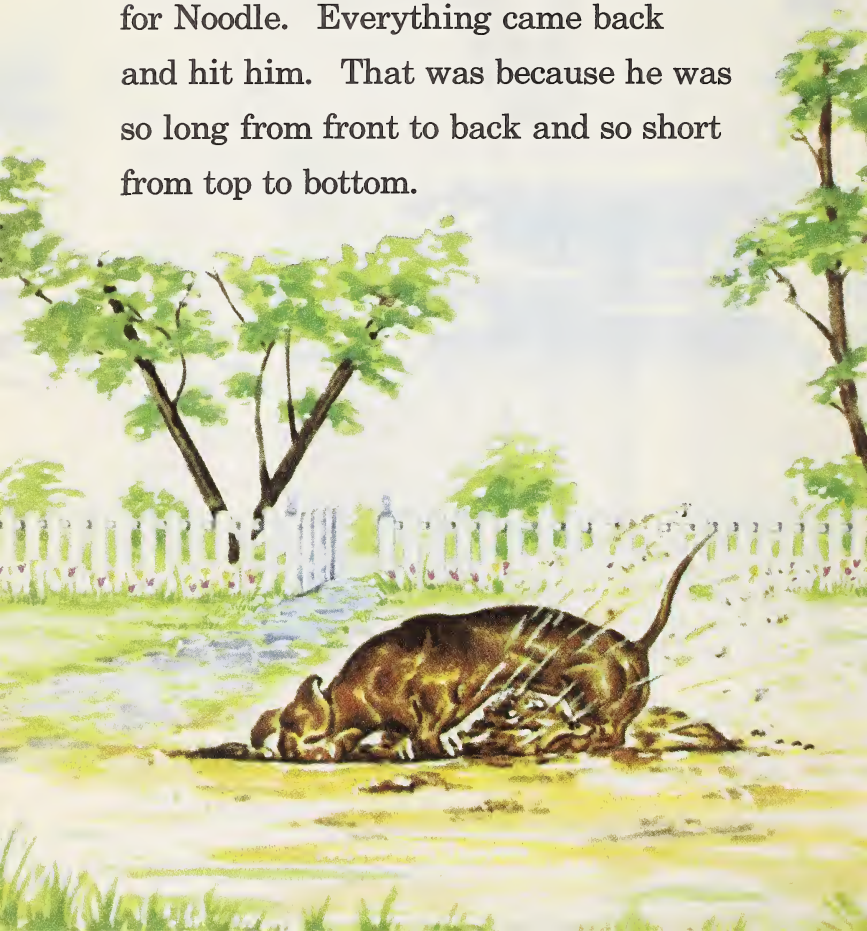
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Once there was a little dog named Noodle, who was very long from front to back and very short from top to bottom.

Just a short way from Noodle's home there was a big garden. Noodle liked to dig in that garden. Almost every day he could dig up something that was good to play with or that was good to eat.

Digging in the garden was hard work for Noodle. Everything came back and hit him. That was because he was so long from front to back and so short from top to bottom.





One day Noodle began to dig deep down into the garden. He was sure he would find a bone there. In a little while all you could see was the tip of his tail. You couldn't even see his short back legs.

But Noodle kept on digging. Soon you could not see even the tip of his tail. Noodle knew a bone was not far away.

All at once his front feet hit something hard. It was a bone.

Noodle began to dig faster. "I wish I were not so long from front to back and so short from top to bottom," he said.

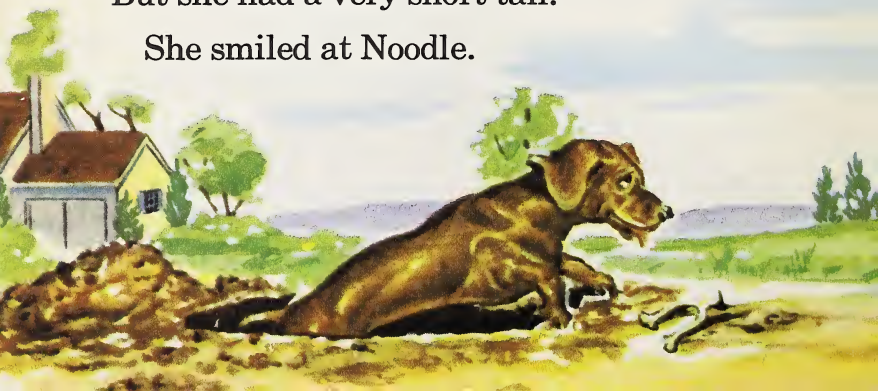
Just then Noodle heard the sound of wings above him. He thought that maybe a bird had come to watch him, but he did not look to see. He went on digging in the hole.

Soon Noodle had the bone in his mouth. Then he turned himself around and came part way out of the hole. He put the bone down and looked around the garden for something with wings.

There was no bird anywhere, but there was a little white dog with wings just like a bird's. That was what Noodle had heard while he was digging in the hole.

The little white dog with wings was not so long from front to back as Noodle, and she was not so short from top to bottom. But she had a very short tail.

She smiled at Noodle.



"Who are you?" asked Noodle, wagging his tail, which was still down in the hole.

"I'm the dog fairy," she said, wagging her tail. "Didn't you hear my wings?"

"Yes," said Noodle. "I thought a bird had come to watch me dig. Would you like some of this good bone that I just found in this hole?"

"No, thank you," said the dog fairy. "It isn't very clean. I just came to the garden to give you your wish."

"What wish?" asked Noodle, still wagging his tail but looking a little hurt.

"The one that you made just as you found that wishbone," said the fairy.



"Why, so it is a wishbone!" said Noodle. "I forget — did I wish something when I was down in that hole? What was it?"

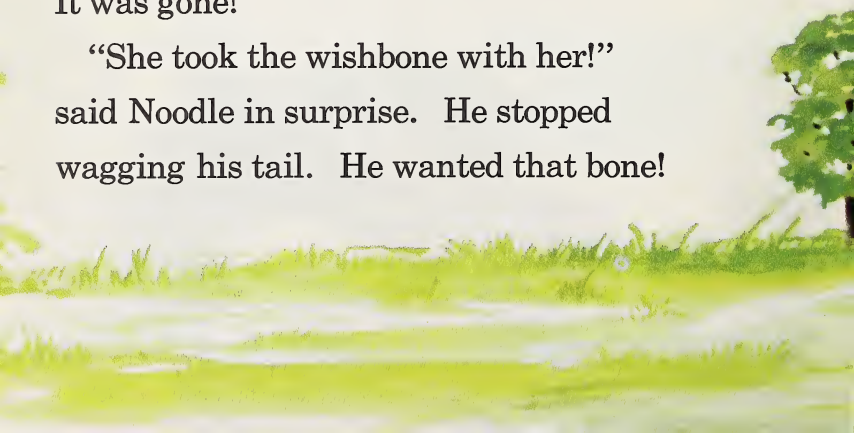
"You wished to be some other size and shape than you are," said the fairy. "You shall have your wish. What size and shape do you want to be?"

"I'm not sure right now," said Noodle. "May I have time to think about it?"

"Yes," said the fairy. "I'll come back to the garden tonight. Then you must tell me what size and shape you want to be."

Off she went on her white wings. For a little while Noodle kept on wagging his tail. Then he looked for the bone. It was gone!

"She took the wishbone with her!" said Noodle in surprise. He stopped wagging his tail. He wanted that bone!



Noodle came out of the hole and sat down. He could always think better that way.

"What size and shape would be good for me?" he asked himself.

"I know what I'll do!" he said. "I'll ask the animals at the zoo. They will know what size and shape I should be."

So off he went. Pitter, pitter, patter, patter, pitter, patter. That was the way his feet sounded when he was in a hurry.

His legs were so short he could not go very fast, but on he went, pitter, pitter, patter, patter, pitter, patter.

Now his tail was wagging again.





It was a fine day. All the zoo animals were out of doors. The zebra was the first one that Noodle saw. He went right up to the zebra — pitter, patter.

"Good morning, Mr. Zebra," Noodle said, wagging his tail.

"Good morning, Noodle," said Mr. Zebra. "What brings you here this fine day?"

"I have a question," said Noodle.

"Ask it," said Mr. Zebra.

"Ask any question you want to. Ask me a hard one. I like questions."



"What's the best size and shape for an animal to be?" asked Noodle.

"That's not a hard question," said Mr. Zebra. "My size and shape is best."

"Why?" asked Noodle.

"I don't know — it just is best!" said the zebra.

"Is it good for digging up bones in the garden?" asked Noodle.

"I don't really know," said Mr. Zebra. "I don't dig for bones. But it's fine for pulling wagons."

"Do you pull wagons?" asked Noodle.

"No, but I'd like to," said Mr. Zebra.

"Why don't you, then?" asked Noodle.

"Look at my stripes," said Mr. Zebra. "You see I have two kinds. The black ones can be seen best in the daytime, and the white ones can be seen best at night."

"But I can't see why you don't pull wagons if you want to," said Noodle. "What do your stripes have to do with it?"

"I don't get time," answered Mr. Zebra. "I have to stand around all the time to let people look at me."

"That's too bad," said Noodle. "But I don't want to pull wagons anyway. I want to dig for bones in the garden. Your size and shape would not be best for me.

But thank you for telling me. Now I must run along. Good-bye, Mr. Zebra."

"Good-bye, Noodle," answered Mr. Zebra.



Away trotted Noodle on his short legs, wagging his tail and thinking what a fine day it was for digging in the garden.

"I'll ask somebody else to answer my question," he said to himself.

As Noodle trotted on he saw Miss Ostrich. That is, he saw all of her but her head. That was in a hole in the sand.

"Good morning, Miss Ostrich," he called.

Out came Miss Ostrich's head in a hurry! She looked very much surprised.

"Good morning, Noodle," she said.
"How did you know I was here?"

"I saw you," answered Noodle.

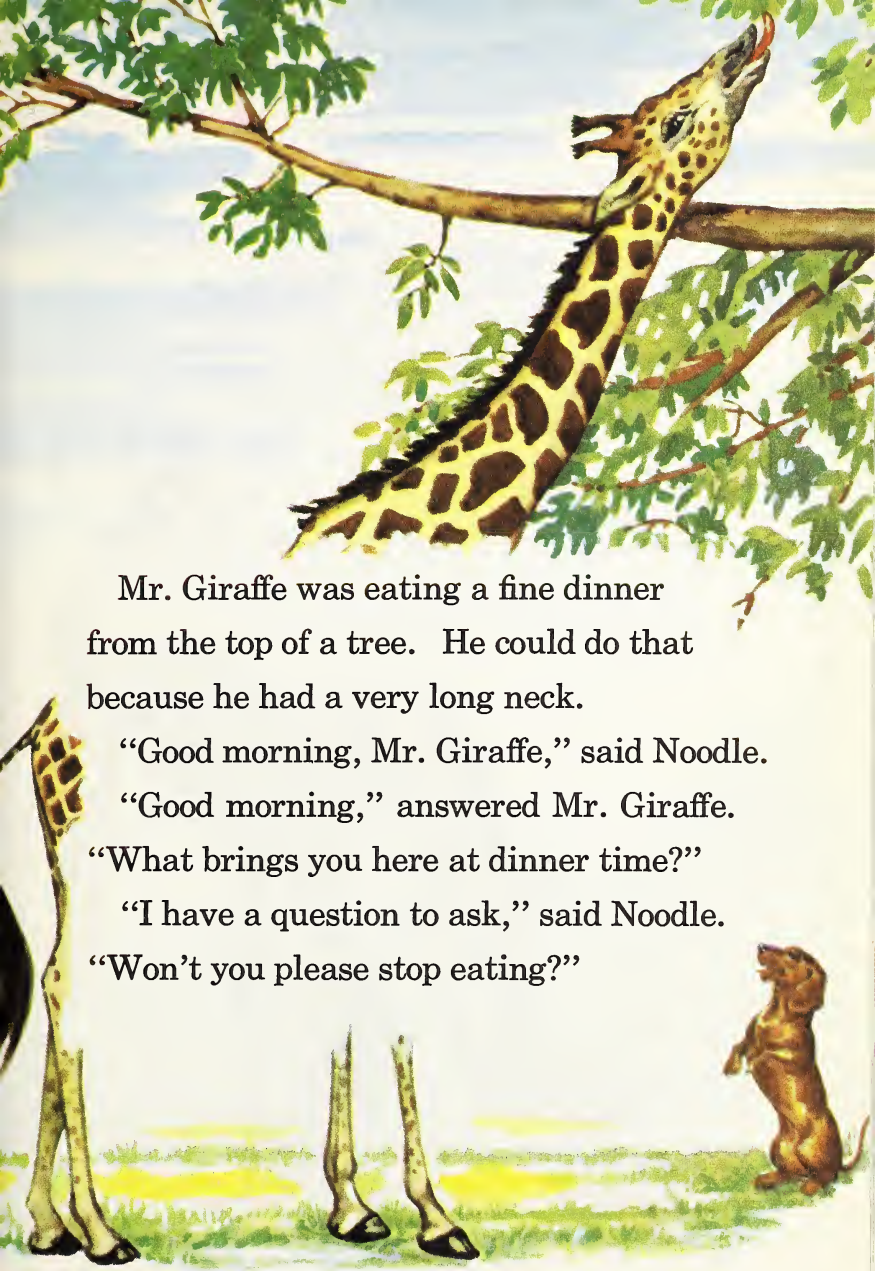
"You saw me!" cried Miss Ostrich.
"That's funny! I couldn't see you.
I don't understand it at all."

Noodle didn't wait to ask his question.
He was sure Miss Ostrich didn't know
anything about the best size and shape
for digging holes in gardens.

He just said, "Good-bye!" and trotted off.

"What a silly dog!" said Miss Ostrich
as she put her head into the hole again.

Noodle knew that it was almost time
for dinner and he didn't want to miss it.
But he wanted to get his question answered
once more before dinner. So he trotted
along faster until he saw Mr. Giraffe.



Mr. Giraffe was eating a fine dinner from the top of a tree. He could do that because he had a very long neck.

"Good morning, Mr. Giraffe," said Noodle.

"Good morning," answered Mr. Giraffe. "What brings you here at dinner time?"

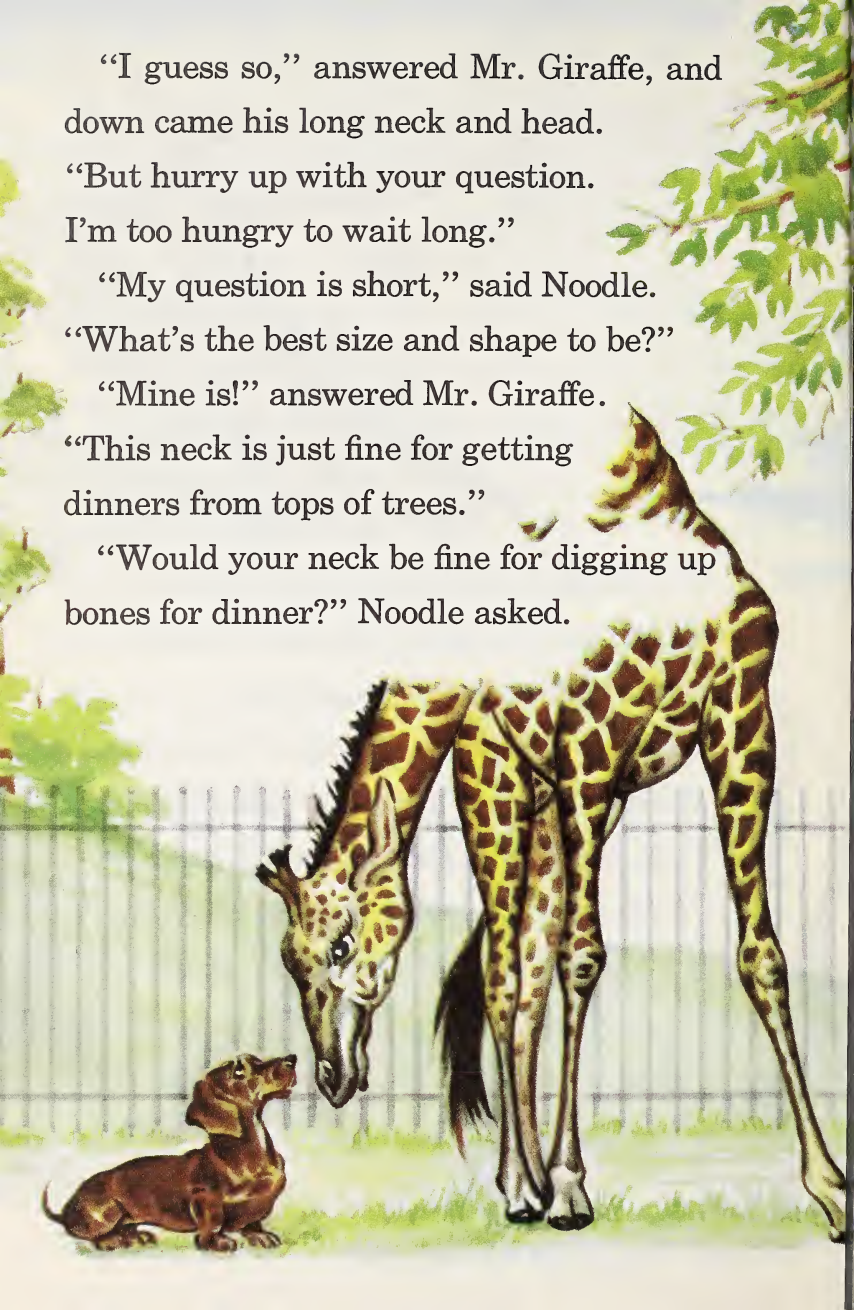
"I have a question to ask," said Noodle. "Won't you please stop eating?"

"I guess so," answered Mr. Giraffe, and down came his long neck and head. "But hurry up with your question. I'm too hungry to wait long."

"My question is short," said Noodle. "What's the best size and shape to be?"

"Mine is!" answered Mr. Giraffe. "This neck is just fine for getting dinners from tops of trees."

"Would your neck be fine for digging up bones for dinner?" Noodle asked.





Mr. Giraffe laughed and laughed.

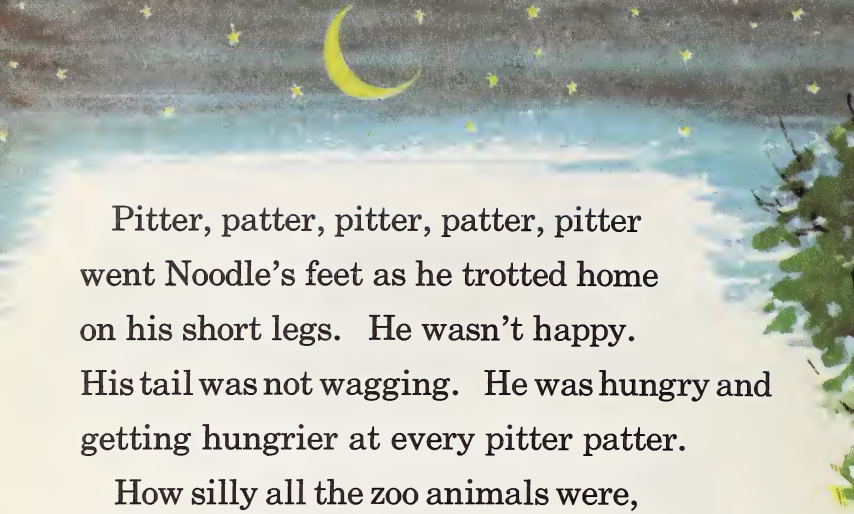
"What a silly question!" he cried. "Who wants to dig up bones for dinner?"

"I do!" answered Noodle. "I want to dig in the garden for bones for my dinner."

"That's just silly!" said Mr. Giraffe.

"No, it isn't," said Noodle. "I'm going home for dinner right now. I get hungry just thinking about bones. Thank you for answering my question."

"Isn't it too bad!" thought Noodle as he went trotting along. "A giraffe can't dig up bones! What a neck! I know I don't want a size and shape like his."



Pitter, patter, pitter, patter, pitter went Noodle's feet as he trotted home on his short legs. He wasn't happy. His tail was not wagging. He was hungry and getting hungrier at every pitter patter.

How silly all the zoo animals were, he thought. But how could they know the best size and shape for digging holes? Not one of them liked to dig holes.

Noodle knew that he wanted to dig. He didn't want to pull wagons around. He didn't need a neck like a giraffe's. He wasn't silly enough to put his head down into the sand as Miss Ostrich did.

Noodle was afraid he couldn't think of the right size and shape before night.

But he was too hungry to think any longer. He got his dinner. Then he found a good place in the garden and went sound asleep.



Noodle was still asleep when night came. The first thing he heard was the sound of wings. The fairy was right above him.

"I have come back to give you your wish," she said almost in a whisper.

"So I see," said Noodle, but he didn't see at all. It was dark and he was still almost asleep.

"Well, I'm waiting," said the fairy. "What size and shape do you want to be?"

"I'm thinking," answered Noodle as he stood up and stretched himself.

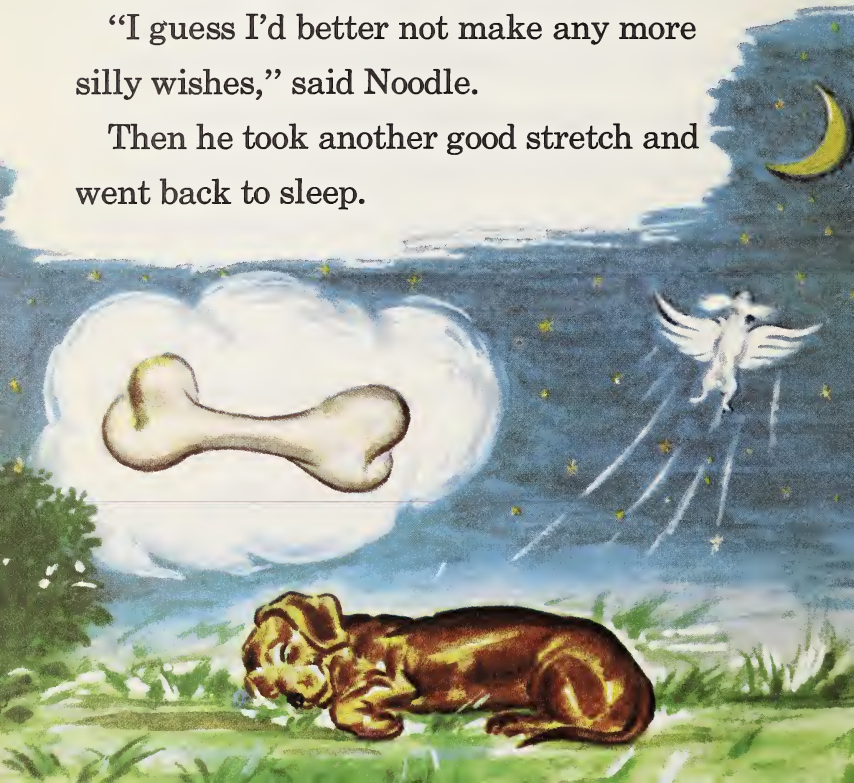
Noodle stretched himself again. "I want to keep the size and shape that I have now," he said, wagging his tail. "Does that surprise you, Miss — Miss Fairy?"

"Not at all," said the fairy. "Dogs and people are too much alike. They are always wishing for things that they really don't want. All fairies know that."

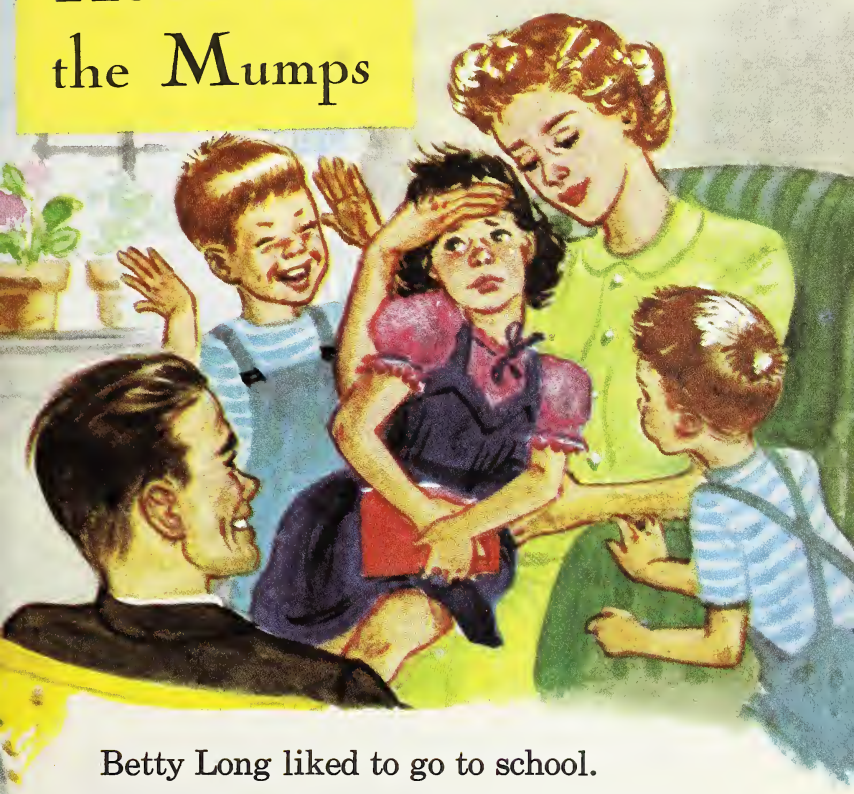
Off she went on her white wings.

"I guess I'd better not make any more silly wishes," said Noodle.

Then he took another good stretch and went back to sleep.



Home with the Mumps



Betty Long liked to go to school. Whatever she learned, she learned well. Almost every day she would bring home something to show to her twin brothers. They were only four years old.

One day Betty came home from school with a big surprise. She had the mumps.

"Well!" said Mr. Long when he saw Betty.
"I know you like to learn everything,
but why did you learn the mumps?
I didn't have to learn mumps at school."

"I didn't learn the mumps," said Betty.
"I caught them from Ann."

"Caught them!" said Mr. Long, smiling.
"If I were going to catch something,
I'd try to catch something I wanted."

The twins, Bob and Bill, laughed.
They thought the mumps looked funny.

"Are mumps hard to catch?" Bob asked.

"Just wait!" cried Betty. "You'll have
twin mumps and you'll not laugh."



Because they were twins, Bob and Bill were twice as sure of things as Betty was.

"We won't get the mumps," said Bob.

"We'll catch something good," said Bill.

"Wait and see," said Betty.

Betty was soon well enough to have breakfast with Bob and Bill. One morning they were having oranges. All at once Bob and Bill began to cry.

"My neck hurts!" said Bob.

"My neck hurts too!" said Bill.

"Mumps!" cried Betty, trying not to smile. "You'll have them twice as hard as I did."

"Will we, Mother?" Bob asked.

"I hope not," Mrs. Long said. "Eat your breakfast now. Then go up to bed. That is the best place for boys with mumps."

"I don't want any breakfast," said Bill.



Taking care of the twins was twice as hard as taking care of Betty. Mrs. Long had to run up and down the stairs many times that day. One twin or the other wanted something or was crying all the time.

When night came the twins' faces and necks were twice as big as they had been in the morning. Mrs. Long was up twice as many times with the boys as she had been with Betty.

Before breakfast she ran upstairs to see about them. Then she ran downstairs to get breakfast and upstairs to take it to them. So it went all day. By night time she was all tired out.





When Mr. Long came home, Mrs. Long said, "You'll have to sleep upstairs. I've put the twins in your bed downstairs."

"Fine!" said Mr. Long. "I've wanted to sleep upstairs sometime. I'll put the twins' beds end to end and have a bed that is really long enough for me."

"You'll have to put part of you in Bob's bed and part in Bill's," said Betty.

"I don't care!" said Mr. Long. "Mother can take better care of the twins if they sleep beside her downstairs. She won't have to carry hot cocoa and other things up and down the stairs all day long."



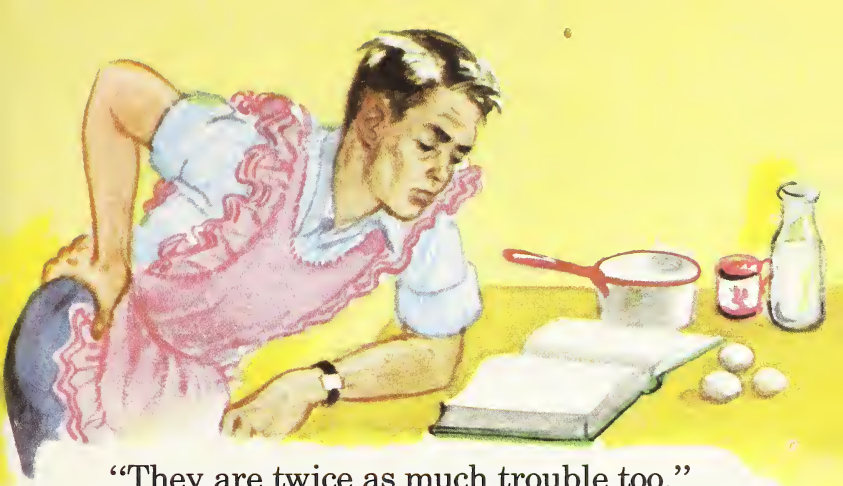
Day by day the twins got better.
The mumps didn't hurt them so much now.
But they still took so much care that
Mrs. Long had more work than she could do.

One morning when Mr. Long
came downstairs, breakfast wasn't ready.
The cocoa wasn't made. The oatmeal
wasn't ready. Nothing was on the table.

He opened the bedroom door just enough
to look in. Mrs. Long looked at him
and tried to smile, but she was too tired.

"Don't get up!" said Mr. Long.
"I've thought of a way to help you.
I'll stay home today. I'll take care
of the twins and do the housework.

You go upstairs and stay in Betty's bed
all day. I'll take care of everything.
Bob and Bill are better now."



"They are twice as much trouble too," said Mrs. Long. "You'll have to work twice as hard. They are hungry all the time. They will want something all day long."

"I've taken care of them before," said Mr. Long. "I know it will be more fun to stay at home than to work all day."

Mrs. Long went upstairs and was soon sound asleep in Betty's bed.

Mr. Long got dressed and went to the kitchen to begin getting breakfast. He put oatmeal and hot water into a pan and turned on the burner under the pan.

Then he went into the twins' room.



"How about oatmeal and toast for breakfast?" Mr. Long asked. "And hot cocoa to drink?"

"That's fine!" answered Bill. "But don't put much sugar in the oatmeal."

"Or in the cocoa," said Bob. "Sugar makes mumps hurt."

"Make light brown toast," said Bill.

"Make twice as much as Mother does," said Bob.

"All right," said Mr. Long. "You stay in bed, and I'll bring you your breakfast."

Just then Betty called, "Daddy! Daddy! Come to the kitchen! Something is burning!"

Mr. Long hurried to the kitchen. He saw that some of the oatmeal had run all over the burner. He took the pan off the burner and put oatmeal into two dishes.



Then he put some toast in the toaster and took the oatmeal to the twins.

"Here you are! Eat this while I make your toast and cocoa," said Mr. Long.

"Your oatmeal isn't like Mother's," said Bob. "See, I can drink it right out of the dish."

"May we have our goldfish to play with while you make the cocoa and toast?" asked Bill. "We haven't seen our goldfish for a long time. Put them between us."

Mr. Long put the glass jar with the goldfish in it between the twins.

"Now don't tip it over," he said.

Just then Betty called, "Daddy! Come here! The toast is burning!"

Mr. Long got to the kitchen quickly, but the toast was burned black. He burned his hand getting it out of the toaster. Betty had to take care of his hand before he could make more toast.

"Taking care of the twins is hard work," he said. "They keep me running between the kitchen and the bedroom."

"Where's our cocoa?" Bob called.

"Won't you drink milk?" asked Mr. Long.

"No! We want cocoa," answered Bill.

Mr. Long put some milk into a pan, but before he could put the pan on a burner, Bob called again.

"Daddy! Come quickly!" he cried. "Our goldfish are jumping around in bed!"

With the pan of milk in his hand, Mr. Long ran into the bedroom. He caught the goldfish as quickly as he could and began to put them back into the jar.



There was no water in it. So he put the goldfish into the pan of milk.

Then he thought that milk might not be good for goldfish. So he ran to the kitchen and put them into water as quickly as he could.

Before he finished breakfast, he got the twins up and made the bed up clean.

"No more goldfish in bed," he said as he finished the work. "Get back into bed and stay there while I finish making some cocoa for us to drink."

Mr. Long had no more trouble getting breakfast. The children had all the cocoa they could drink and all the toast they wanted. After they had finished their breakfast, Mr. Long began to eat his.

As he was drinking his cocoa, he remembered something that made him smile. He had made the cocoa with the milk that the goldfish had been in.

He let Blackfeet, the kitten, finish drinking the cocoa. Blackfeet thought it was a very fine drink.

Then Bill called from the bedroom. "Mother reads a story to us every morning. Will you read us a story about Indians?"

"Yes, I will," said Mr. Long. "I've finished eating breakfast. I'll get a headdress and let you paint me up as a big chief. How does that sound?"

"Fine!" said all the children.



Bob put the Indian headdress on Mr. Long. Betty got some paints and a pan of water. Bill painted red stripes on Mr. Long's face.

Mr. Long looked so funny that the twins began to laugh. Then they cried because laughing made the mumps hurt so much.

Mr. Long sat down between the twins and began to read, but he didn't read long. Soon Bill tipped over the pan of red paint water and got the bed wet.

"You'll have to get into Mother's bed," said Mr. Long. "I can't take time to make this bed up clean twice in one day."



Mr. Long finished the story as quickly as he could. Then he and Betty went into the kitchen. They did the dishes and cleaned up the oatmeal on the burner.

"You give the goldfish something to eat, and I'll throw out this burned toast," said Mr. Long. "That will finish the work."

"You'll have to milk Sally," said Betty. "Can you milk a goat?"

"I've never seen a goat I couldn't milk," said Mr. Long. "I won't have any trouble milking our good little Sally."



Mr. Long got a rope. He put one end of it around Sally's neck and the other end around a post. Then he tried to milk the goat.

Sally would not let him milk her. She jumped around, pulled the rope off the post, and ran away. Mr. Long ran after her.

Just as he got hold of the rope, Sally turned and ran between his legs. Then she ran around and around him. Down he went with the rope all around his feet and legs.

"Stop her! Hold her!" he cried. "Don't let her cut my legs off!"

Betty helped to hold Sally while Mr. Long got the rope off his legs. One leg had a little cut on it. Betty took care of that.



"Put on a dress, Daddy," said Betty. "Then maybe Sally will let you milk her. She has never been milked by a man."

"How silly!" he said. "But I'll try it."

He put on a dress and got a hat with flowers on it. He didn't know that it was Mrs. Long's best hat. The dress was too short. He looked very silly with the red Indian stripes on his face.

As soon as Mr. Long began to milk Sally, he took off the hat and put it down. Sally liked flowers. So, once in a while she helped herself to a flower.

Mr. Long finished milking the goat, put on the hat, and went to the kitchen. Just then the bakery man came along.

When the bakery man saw Mr. Long at the kitchen door, he wanted to run away. At first he just stood with his mouth open. Then he said, "Good morning, Miss. Do you want to buy anything today?"

"Just a cake," said Mr. Long. "One with very little sugar on it, please. Sugar makes the mumps hurt very much.

And I'll thank you not to call me Miss. I put on this dress and this hat with flowers on it just to please Sally."

The bakery man didn't understand that, but he asked no questions. He left a cake and hurried back to his truck. All the way he kept looking back at Mr. Long.



Mr. Long took off the hat and looked at it. "I hope Sally liked the flowers," he said.

"Shall I clean the Indian stripes off your face?" Betty asked.

"No, thank you," said Mr. Long. "I don't really care about them. I think I'll just stretch out on the twins' bed a while."

"You look funny, Daddy!" the twins said, and they began to laugh. Laughing hurt their mumps so much they began to cry.

Mr. Long put his arm over his face. Just then Mrs. Long came downstairs.

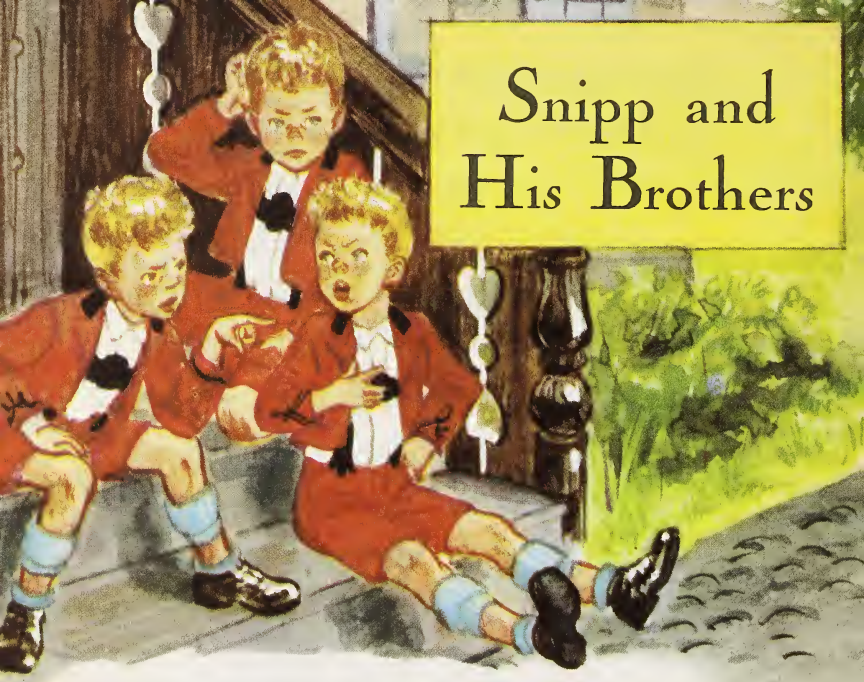


"What happened!" she cried.

"Nothing much," said Betty, as she came in from the kitchen. "Daddy had a little trouble with the breakfast and the goldfish and the goat. Everything is all right now.

I'm taking care of the twins and Daddy. I'm sure Daddy will be all right tomorrow."





Snipp and His Brothers

Once there were three brothers who looked so much alike that no one in town was ever sure which was which.

At times not even their mother could tell them apart.

The three boys went everywhere together and almost always did the same things. But once in a while each one wanted to do something different. Then they had a hard time doing anything at all.



One brother was named Snipp, one was named Snapp, and the third was named Snurr.

One morning Snipp, Snapp, and Snurr were standing in front of their house. All three wanted to go for a walk, but each one wanted to go to a different place.

As they stood there talking, Mrs. Bunch from next door came along.

"Good morning, Snipp, Snapp, and Snurr," she said. "Where are you going this fine morning?"

"Good morning to you," said the boys. "We want to go for a walk. The trouble is that each of us wants to go to a different place."



"You look so fine all dressed up
in your red suits that you really
should go somewhere," said Mrs. Bunch.
"Maybe I can help you get started.

I am going to give each of you
some money. Take the money and go
to the bakery.

If the baker has a big cake, buy it
and have him cut it into three big pieces
so that each of you can have a piece.
Or buy anything else that you want.

Now do you want to go different places?"

"Not now!" cried Snipp, Snapp, and Snurr
as they started away. Then they stopped.

"Thank you, Mrs. Bunch!" they said.

The boys started walking again.

"I'd like a piece of cake," said Snipp.

"Sometimes the baker has gingerbread cookies," said Snapp. "Cookies are better than pieces of cake."

"Let's find out what different things the baker has," said Snurr.

The three brothers hurried down the street to the bakery.

"Good morning, boys!" said the baker as they came into the bakery. "What can I do for you?"



"Mr. Baker, we have some money," said Snipp. "Have you any cake?"

"Mr. Baker, I don't want a piece of cake," said Snapp. "I want some gingerbread cookies."

"I don't want a piece of cake or some cookies," said Snurr. "I'd like a gingerbread man with sugar eyes."

"I see that each of you wants something different," said the baker.

"My gingerbread is very good. I have just started some new gingerbread batter. Come into the kitchen. You may watch me finish it. Then I'll bake a gingerbread man with sugar eyes for each of you.

I am going to bake some gingerbread cookies, too. They will be different sizes and different shapes. You may each have one of them."

"Will you bake some gingerbread men with yellow sugar hair?" asked Snipp.

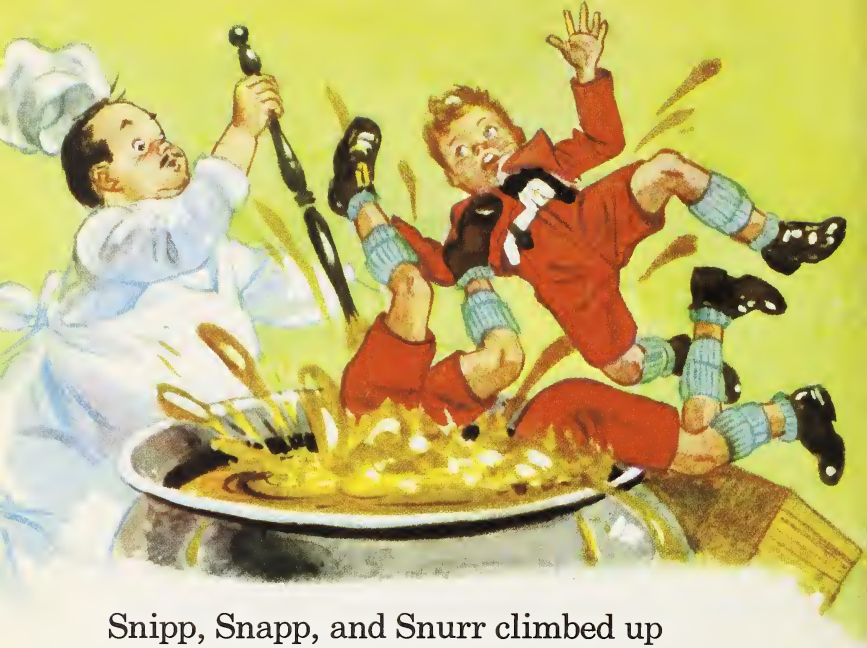
"And bake them with eyes?" asked Snapp.

"Can the eyes be blue like ours?" asked Snurr.

"Yes! I'll make gingerbread men with yellow sugar hair and blue sugar eyes," said the baker. "Climb up on this box and watch me finish the batter."

"A gingerbread man like that will be better than a piece of cake," said Snipp as he started to climb up on the box.





Snipp, Snapp, and Snurr climbed up on the box. Maybe Snipp was trying to see too much. Anyway, the box started to tip. The three boys with the yellow hair fell into the dark brown gingerbread batter.

The baker was so surprised that his white cap fell off his head. Then he fell down beside the batter.

As he sat there, just looking, Snipp, then Snapp, then Snurr climbed out of the gingerbread batter.

The boys were covered with the batter. Their faces were covered with it. Even their yellow hair was covered with it.

Their blue eyes looked like holes in gingerbread faces.

Their clothes were covered with the same dark brown batter.

They looked just like gingerbread boys.

"Let's hurry out of the bakery before the baker catches us," said Snipp. "He will be angry because we fell into his batter."





All three ran headlong out of the bakery. Mrs. Bunch happened to be near the door. She was carrying a big bag of oranges and a big bag of red apples.

The boys ran right into kind Mrs. Bunch. Down she fell. Down fell the oranges and the apples. Oranges and apples covered the street.



Mrs. Bunch was so surprised to see boys all covered with gingerbread batter that she just sat on the ground and looked at them. Oranges and apples were all around her on the ground.

A big black cat had been sleeping near the door of the bakery. The cat saw the gingerbread boys too. Every hair on the cat's back stood on end and her eyes looked like balls of fire.



A dog that was near saw the boys. The dog liked gingerbread better than anything else. He started to run after Snipp, Snapp, and Snurr.

A policeman saw the gingerbread boys with the dog right behind them.

As he started after the dog, the black cat got in his way. Down he fell to the ground. The boys ran on down the street with the dog nearer to them than ever.

Just then four white horses trotted down the street pulling a golden coach.



Riding in the golden coach was a princess. The princess had seen the different things that had happened. She was watching the policeman when he fell over the cat. She had seen Mrs. Bunch on the ground.

She had seen the dog as he started after the gingerbread boys. She now saw that the dog was getting nearer and nearer to them. She thought they might get hurt.

The princess called to her coachman to stop the coach. She told her footmen to help the boys climb into the coach.

The golden coach stopped near the boys.

The two footmen didn't want three boys covered with gingerbread batter to climb into the clean coach. But the princess was watching, so the footmen helped the boys climb quickly into the coach.

Just as the dog came up to the coach, the coachman quickly started the horses. Away they went up a high hill.

The coach went faster and faster over the ground. Soon the big dog that liked gingerbread so well was left far behind.

"Where are we going?" asked the boys.

"To the top of the hill," answered the princess. "I live up there. I have always wanted a gingerbread boy. Now I have three right here with me.

We'll have a party with just the four of us and my cat."



The golden coach stopped at the top of the hill. The boys and the princess jumped to the ground and went indoors.

"We'll use our golden dishes for the party," said the pretty princess. "Our baker baked cookies this morning. We'll have some of those cookies.

There are big red apples on the trees on the hill. You may have as many apples as you can eat.

Best of all, we'll have ice cream covered with toasted peanuts. There will be big pieces of cake to go with it, too."

"It must be fine to live here and have everything you want," said Snipp, Snapp, and Snurr, their eyes almost popping.



Soon the party was ready. The princess looked very pretty as she sat at the head of the table. She was wearing a white dress. On her feet were pretty golden shoes. By her side sat her white cat.

In front of the boys were golden dishes full of ice cream, golden dishes full of cookies, and golden dishes full of cake.

At the side of the table stood three footmen. Each footman was ready to give the boy near him more pieces of cake, more cookies, and more ice cream.

The boys ate and ate and ate.

Never as long as they lived had they seen so much to eat or a princess so pretty.

The boys ate all they wanted.

After they had finished eating, the princess took them to the flower garden. The white cat walked by the side of the princess.

"Now I'll read you some fairy stories," said the pretty princess. There on top of the hill the boys sat while the princess read fairy stories to them.

Just as the princess finished reading the stories, the four white horses trotted up, pulling the golden coach.

The two footmen helped the boys climb into the coach, but they were not happy about it. Footmen don't like to have gingerbread batter in a clean coach.

The pretty princess didn't like to see the boys go. She asked them to come again as soon as they could.

The footmen climbed up on the back of the coach and it started down the hill to the house where the boys lived.

For the second time that day, Snipp, Snapp, and Snurr rode down the streets of the town in the golden coach.

They did not see Mrs. Bunch. She had put her oranges and apples back into their bags and gone home.

But they did see the policeman. He put his hand to his hat as they rode by. By the side of the policeman sat the dog and the black cat. The dog was so tired he didn't even look up as they rode by.



The boys rode by the bakery. The baker had placed some gingerbread men in the window of the bakery. They had yellow sugar hair, blue sugar eyes, and pretty red sugar suits.

The gingerbread men looked just as Snipp, Snapp, and Snurr had looked when they went into the bakery.

The boys rode on to the house where they lived. There the two footmen helped them out of the golden coach.

Then the coachman called to the white horses, and the coachman and the footmen rode off.





Almost before Snipp, Snapp, and Snurr had time to tell their mother about the pretty princess and the party, they were upstairs being cleaned up.

Their mother used hot water, and the gingerbread came off very quickly. The boys began to look very different.

Their hair was yellow again. Their eyes were blue.

They put on their clean night clothes and fell into bed. Their mother covered them.

As they started off to sleep,
Snipp began, "I — am — glad ——"

"I — am — not ——," went on Snapp.

"A gingerbread — boy," finished Snurr,
and they fell sound asleep.

In their sleep they saw again the hill
where the pretty princess lived
with her white cat. They rode up the hill
again in the golden coach.

This time the hill was made of ice cream
and gingerbread cookies. And all that
they found on top of the hill was
a big red apple.



The word **himself** is made by putting the two words **him** and **self** together.

How is the word **herself** made?

What two words are put together to make each of the following words?

myself yourself itself

One good way to help yourself learn a new word is to look at the word itself to see how it is made. What two words make up each of these words?

anywhere downstairs outside whatever inside understand doorway daylight

What two parts make up each of these?

tonight asleep alike without forget

When do you really know a word?

When you use it to tell your thoughts to others. When you can name it as soon as you see it. When you read it to yourself so as to make sense.

As you say the word **blue**, can you hear the sound that the letters **bl** stand for?

Say the words **blue** and **black** and hear the sound of **bl.**

Hear the sound of **sl** in **sleep.**

Hear the sound of **gr** in **green** and of **sn** in **snow.**

Take the **sn** from **snow.**
Put in **bl** to make **blow.**
Put in **gr** to make **grow.**
Put in **sl** to make **slow.**

Hear the beginning sounds as you say **snow, blow, grow, slow.**

Here are some questions to answer:

On what kind of days does snow blow?

On what kind of days do flowers grow?

Is it best to go a little slow when streets are covered with ice and snow?

Words Made by Adding *n* or *en*

The word **seen** is made by adding **n** to **see.**

To what word is the ending **n** added to make each of the following words?

known shown thrown

"I might have known I'd hit a window," said Bob. "I should not have thrown my ball at the house. I haven't shown very good sense, I guess."

To make the word **eaten**, begin with **eat** and put on the ending **en.**

How are these words made?

shorten deepen

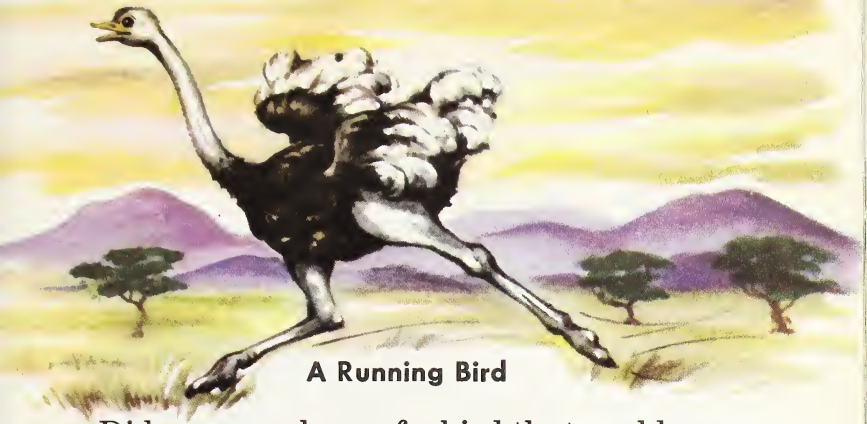
Do you shorten a string by cutting off some of it or by adding some to it?

If you want to deepen a hole, do you dig in it, throw things into it, or stretch it?

Before **en** is added to a word that ends with silent **e**, the silent **e** is left off.

Taken is made by adding **en** to **tak.**

How are the words **given** and **whiten** made?



A Running Bird

Did you ever hear of a bird that could run faster than a race horse?

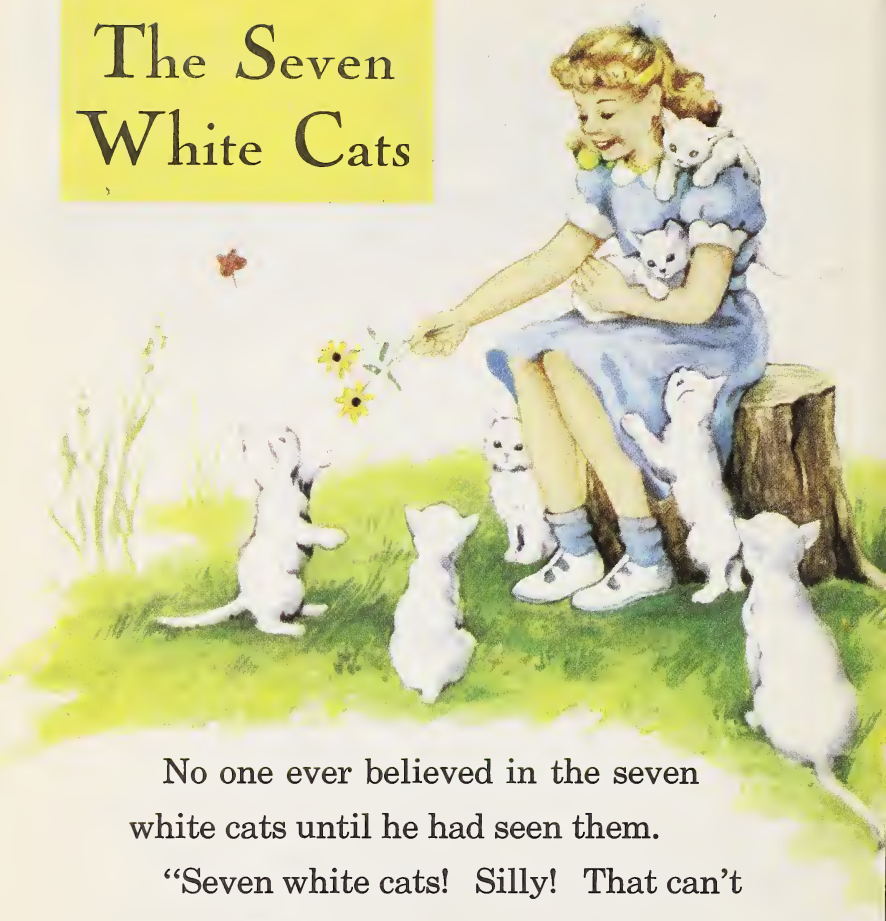
Many birds can fly faster than horses can run, but there is one bird that can run faster than the fastest horse. That bird is the ostrich.

Ostriches are strange birds. They have wings, but they really can't fly at all.

Ostriches run along the ground. At times they stretch their wings out as they run. This makes them look as if they were flying over the ground.

Sometimes on ostrich farms, the ostriches run races with other animals. The ostriches almost always win.

The Seven White Cats



No one ever believed in the seven white cats until he had seen them.

"Seven white cats! Silly! That can't be true!" That was what everyone said.

But there were the seven white cats, sure as could be. Anyone could see them if he took the trouble to walk up the hill to the farmhouse.

And there, too, was Katy Summers, who lived on the farm with the seven white cats.

Katy had named them all.
The mother was called Blue Eyes.
The two big kittens were Pitter and Patter.

Pitter was a pretty kitten
with big blue eyes like her mother's.
Patter was funny looking, for his eyes
did not match. One eye was blue and
the other was yellow.

Then there were four little kittens.
They were full of fun and almost always
in trouble.

Katy had named three of them Snipp,
Snapp, and Snurr after the story children
that she liked to read about.

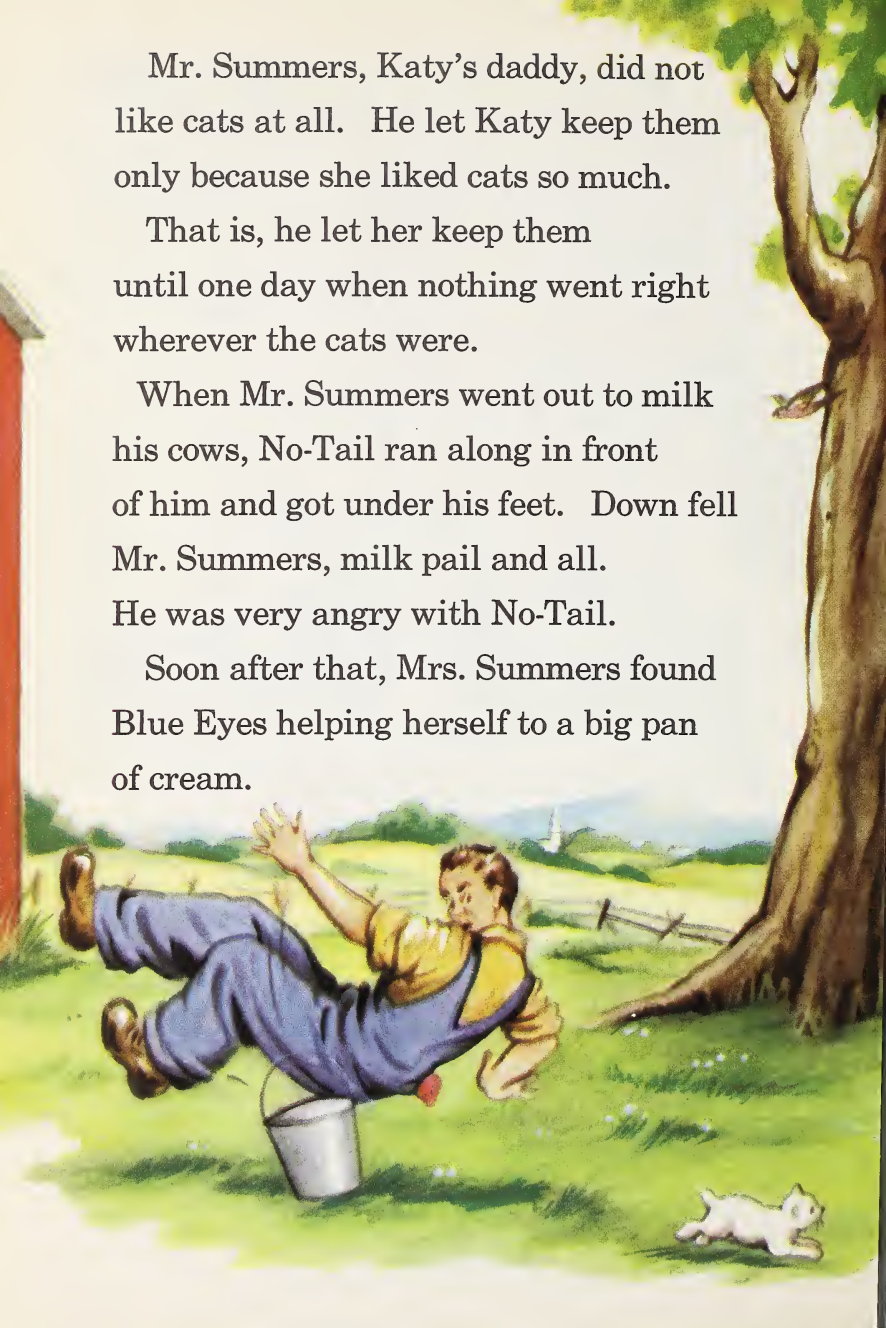
The fourth was called No-Tail. He was
always getting in the way. One day
he got under the foot of a farm horse.
After that he had only part of a tail.

Mr. Summers, Katy's daddy, did not like cats at all. He let Katy keep them only because she liked cats so much.

That is, he let her keep them until one day when nothing went right wherever the cats were.

When Mr. Summers went out to milk his cows, No-Tail ran along in front of him and got under his feet. Down fell Mr. Summers, milk pail and all. He was very angry with No-Tail.

Soon after that, Mrs. Summers found Blue Eyes helping herself to a big pan of cream.





That same day, Mrs. Summers found Snipp asleep in the best bed upstairs.
She found Snapp playing
with the clean clothes on the line.

That was bad enough, but then
she found Snurr digging in the new garden.
That was just too much.

"Seven cats are too much trouble!"
said Mrs. Summers.

"There won't be any cats on this farm
after today," said Mr. Summers.

Mr. Summers waited until Katy had gone to play with a little girl who lived near the farm. Then he put all seven cats into a big box.

He put the box of cats into the wagon and started off down the road.

First he rode up the hill to see Mrs. Bridge. Her little girl was glad to have a pretty white kitten. She wanted No-Tail because he looked so funny.





Then Mr. Summers rode down the hill. He saw Mr. Lamb digging a new garden.

He said to Mr. Lamb, "Here is just what you need. This cat knows just how to dig up a garden."

With that, Mr. Summers put Snurr down in Mr. Lamb's garden. Snurr liked that. He began to dig right away.

Mr. Lamb was so surprised that he couldn't say a word. Mr. Summers rode on down the road.



Mr. Summers had only five cats left. He looked at them and thought, "They are pretty and Katy did like them very much. Still, they were always in the way."

Then he came to Mrs. Field's house.

Mrs. Field had just put her clean clothes on the line.

"Here's a cat that will help you take down those clothes," said Mr. Summers.

He put Snapp down under the clothes line. Before Mrs. Field could ask about the cat, Mr. Summers was on his way again. Now he had only four cats.

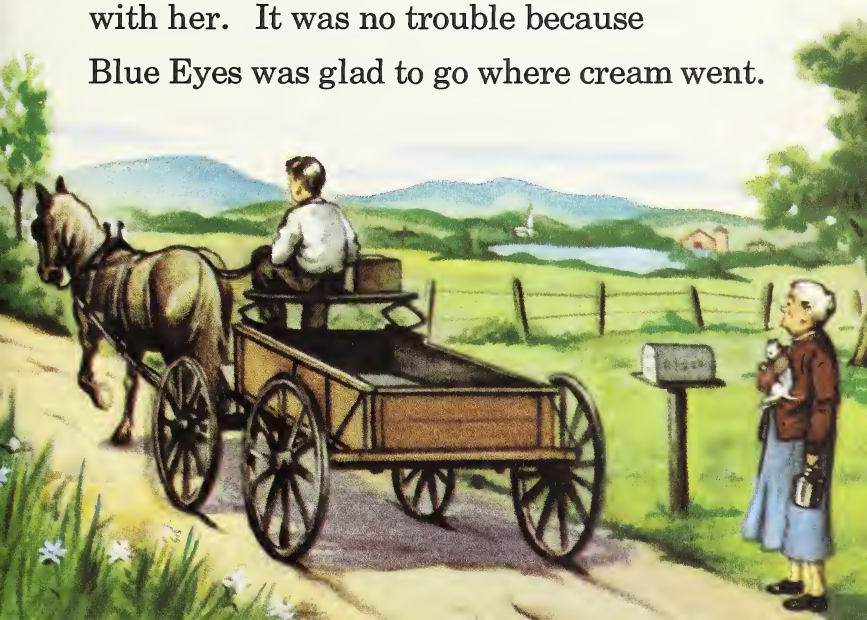
Down the road a little way Mr. Summers saw Mrs. Lock. She was carrying home a little pail of cream.

As he came near her, he said, "I have just the thing for you. Here is a cat that can help you with that cream."

It was hard to give Blue Eyes away. She had been around the farm a long time. But he was sure it should be done.

He handed Blue Eyes to Mrs. Lock. Now he had only three cats.

So Mrs. Lock took Blue Eyes home with her. It was no trouble because Blue Eyes was glad to go where cream went.



Soon Mr. Summers saw a mother pulling her twin babies along in a little wagon. Her little boy was helping her.

"Your fine children should have a pretty little kitten for their very own," called Mr. Summers.

The boy came over to look at the three kittens left in the box.

"Choose a little one," said his mother. "There isn't much milk left for a kitten after three children drink all they need."

"Here's the only little kitten I have left," said Mr. Summers.

He put Snipp into the boy's arms.

The boy looked at Snipp just the way Mr. Summers had seen Katy look at the kittens. Mr. Summers wasn't happy, but he couldn't turn back now.

He tried to remember all the trouble the kittens had been.

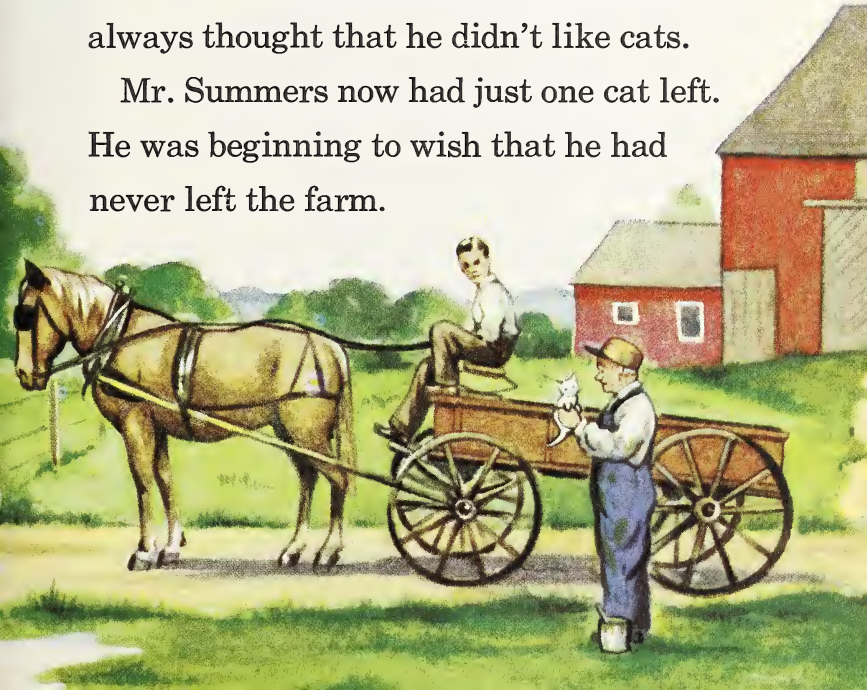
Down the street Mr. Strong had just finished painting his house a pretty light green. He stood looking at it. It pleased him very much.

"Your fine green house will look even better with a white kitten around," said Mr. Summers.

Before Mr. Strong knew what had happened, he had Pitter, the big kitten, in his hands.

Mr. Strong was surprised because he had always thought that he didn't like cats.

Mr. Summers now had just one cat left. He was beginning to wish that he had never left the farm.





But Mr. Summers kept going.
Soon he came to a little house.
It was so near the side of the road that
he could look right in the windows.

By an open window sat old Mrs. Penny
who lived there all alone. She liked
to be at the open window where
she could watch people going by.

Mr. Summers walked up to the window
and put Patter into old Mrs. Penny's arms.

"There! You'll never be alone again!
Patter will look after you," he said.

Then he ran back to the wagon
before Mrs. Penny could say a word.

Now all the seven white cats were gone.
Mr. Summers started back to the farm.

Soon he began to think what Katy
would do when she found out that
her seven white cats were gone.

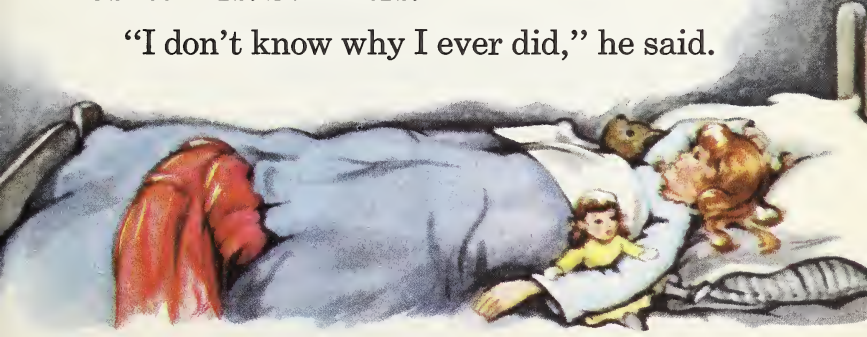
When he got home, he found Katy
in tears. She would not talk to him.
She would not eat anything.
She just sat and cried.
That night she cried herself to sleep.

There were still tears in her eyes
the next morning.

"This is more than I can stand,"
said Mr. Summers. "We must do something
to make her forget those cats."

"Why did you ever give them away?"
asked Mrs. Summers.

"I don't know why I ever did," he said.





That morning Mr. Summers said, "Katy, I am going to the lighthouse today. Would you like to come along?"

Katy had always wanted to go to the lighthouse, but this morning she didn't even smile. All she said was, "All right, Daddy."

All the way to the lighthouse Katy sat without saying a word.

All the way to the lighthouse Mr. Summers thought of the cats. He wished he had kept one of them for Katy to play with.



As they came to the lighthouse, they saw three kittens playing in front of the door. One was black, one was black and white, and one was all white with blue eyes.

Katy ran over and took the white kitten into her arms. Soon she began to look happy.

"My white kitten likes you," said the man at the lighthouse to Katy.

Katy just smiled.

"Would you like to have that white kitten, little girl?" he asked.

"Yes, I would," answered Katy. "May I please have him, Daddy?"

"I guess so," said Mr. Summers. "One cat should not be too much trouble."



Katy would not let the white kitten go, even for a little while. She didn't care at all about going up the little stairs to the light at the top of the lighthouse.

All Katy wanted was to go right home with her little white kitten.

She was afraid that the man might want his kitten back.

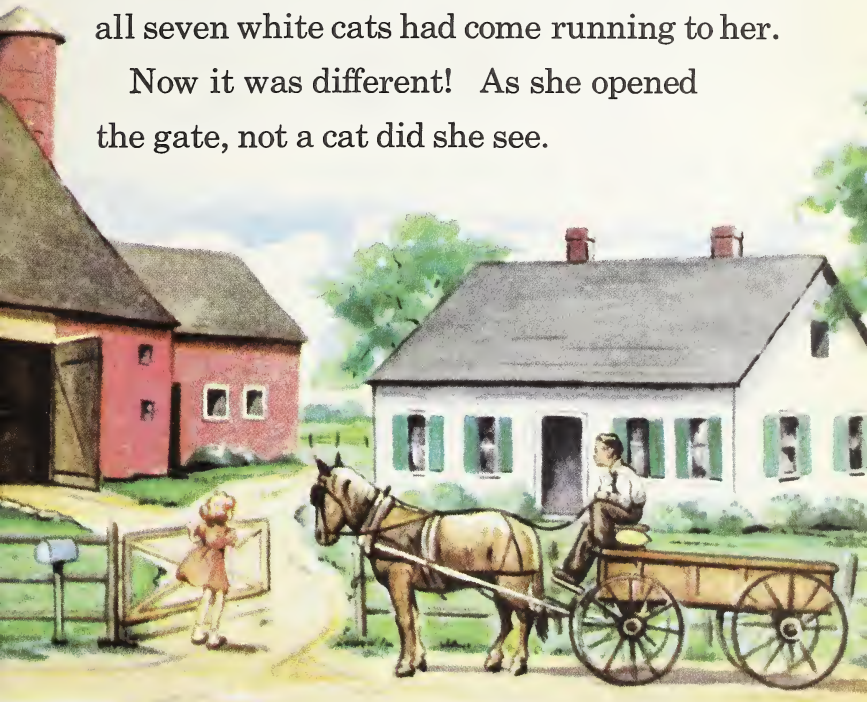
After a long time, Mr. Summers said, "I guess we had better start home now."

Katy was ready and waiting in the wagon.

All the way home, Katy kept thinking of what good times she would have with a kitten. Having only one kitten wasn't like having seven, but it was much better than having none.

As they came to the gate of their farm, Katy was almost happy. Then she remembered. Always before when she had jumped out of the wagon and opened the gate all seven white cats had come running to her.

Now it was different! As she opened the gate, not a cat did she see.





Then she heard a little meow. She looked up and there coming around the house was Blue Eyes. Along with her were Pitter, Patter, Snipp, Snapp, Snurr, and funny little No-Tail.

"Daddy! All my cats are back!" cried Katy. "Please may I keep them all?"

Mr. Summers was so surprised to see the seven white cats that all he could say was, "I give up."

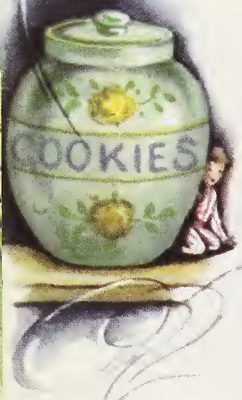
For some days people all over town were saying to each other, "Have you seen a white cat anywhere? Mine has run away."

If Katy ever heard about this, she didn't say a thing. She just smiled and kept on trying to hold all the cats in her arms at once.





Think Again



Said Andy Long to Tommy Green,
"Tonight I wish that I
Could be a very little boy
No bigger than a fly.



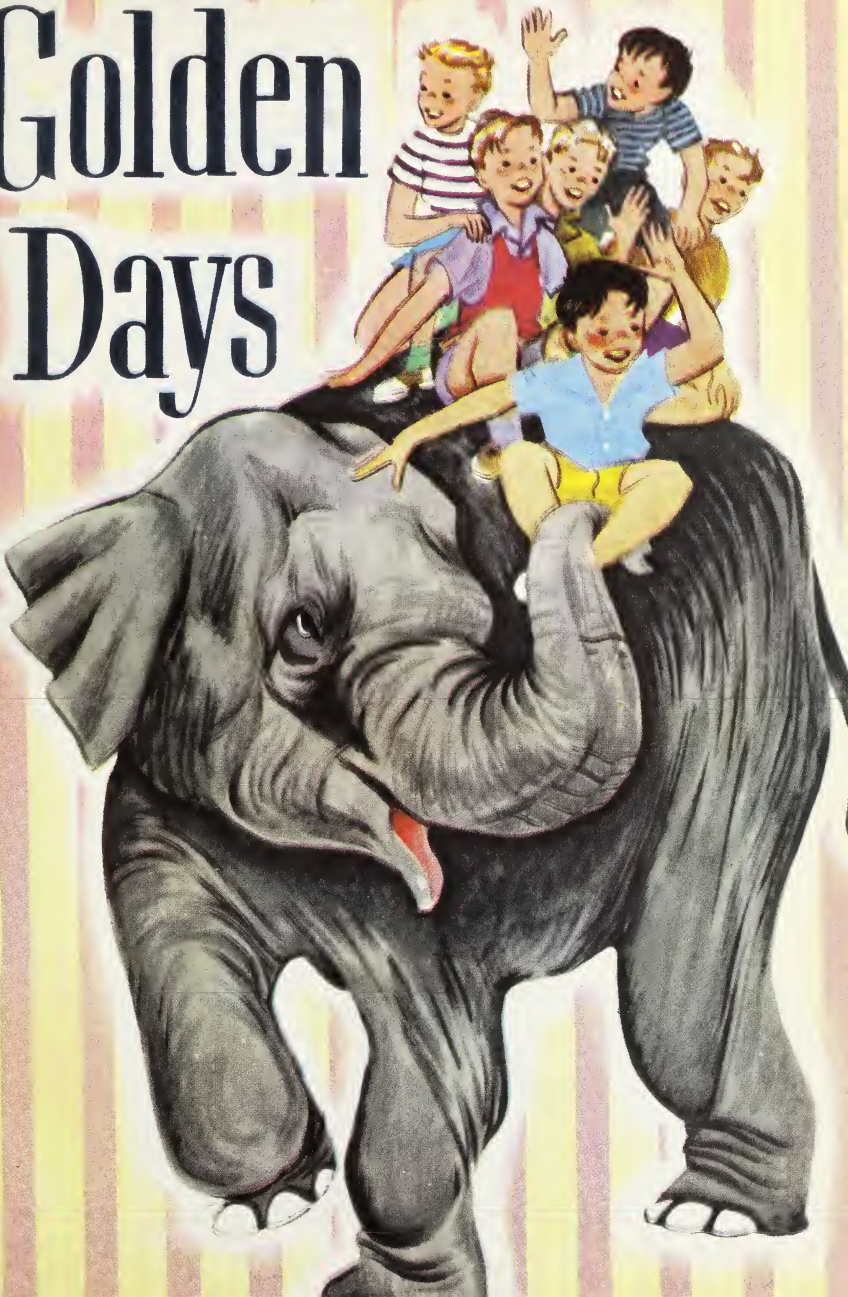
When Mother sent me up to bed,
I would not have to go.
I'd hide behind the cooky jar
And she would never know.



I'd find a fly with good strong wings
To ride up in the air.
And then I'd make a landing field
Right in my daddy's hair."

Said Tommy Green to Andy Long,
"Your daddy hits at flies.
So if you really care for fun,
It's best to stay your size."

Golden Days



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Bob learns the best way to become an owner of an elephant.



The Hurdy-Gurdy Man



It was a fine spring morning in the town of Indian Hills. Trees were beginning to turn green. People were doing their spring house cleaning.

A hurdy-gurdy man walked along, looking for a place to get breakfast. He was hungry, but he still whistled happily as he looked around the town.

Soon the ragged hurdy-gurdy man came to a store that was open.

The woman who owned the store was out in front of it cleaning the windows.

"Good morning! May I get breakfast in your store, my good woman?" asked the hurdy-gurdy man. "I have walked a long way this spring morning, and I am very hungry."

The woman looked him over from head to foot. His clothes were ragged, but still he might have money to buy things.







The woman was about to say, "Yes," very politely. Then she saw a funny little monkey looking at her from behind the ragged hurdy-gurdy man.

The monkey didn't make a sound. He just looked at the woman with his two black eyes.

"I will sell you something, but you can't eat or drink anything in my store," said the woman. "I can't stand monkeys!"

"Well, thank you!" said the man, very politely. "I'm sure someone else will sell us what we want." He walked away whistling. On this fine spring morning he just had to whistle.

The hurdy-gurdy man had not gone far when he came to a bakery. There was the baker in his white apron, putting newly baked bread out on the counter in his store. It smelled very good.

"Good morning," said the ragged man. "How good your bread smells! Will you sell us some of it and sell us something hot to drink for breakfast?"

When the baker saw the monkey, he wasn't as polite as the woman had been.

"I will sell you some bread to take with you," he said, "but I won't sell you anything hot to drink. I can't have that monkey and you eating and drinking in my store."

"Then I won't take the bread," said the hurdy-gurdy man politely. "We'll find something to eat and drink somewhere else, thank you."



On he walked that fine spring morning and left the good-smelling bread behind.

Now it so happened that the hurdy-gurdy man had come to a town where everything was neat and tidy. The houses were neat and tidy and so were the streets.

All the people in the town worked so hard keeping things neat and tidy that they had no time for play.



The ragged and hungry man gave up trying to get something to eat. He left the stores and the neat and tidy houses and walked in a pretty green park.

Near one end of the park he saw two little houses side by side. They were not neat and tidy. They needed painting.

They were not the kind of houses that the people of Indian Hills liked to have in their neat and tidy town.

Still, there was something gay about the two houses. The strange man saw that at once.

The ragged hurdy-gurdy man left the park to get a better look at the two houses. As he came near them, he saw that there were signs in front of them.

On one sign he read:



The other sign said:



From Miss Gay's house came the smell of new bread. The hurdy-gurdy man went through the gate and up to the side door.

Miss Gay was looking through the window. She saw him and the monkey coming up the walk. She opened the door and came out to see the monkey.

"What a funny little monkey!" she said.



At that, the monkey jumped down and ran through the doorway right into Miss Gay's kitchen. He jumped into a chair beside the table where Miss Gay had been eating her breakfast.

"See that!" cried Miss Gay. "He must be hungry. Maybe you are hungry, too. Would you like some of my fresh bread and something hot to drink?"

"I would, thank you," said the man politely. "We have had no breakfast." He followed Miss Gay through the doorway.

The kitchen was full of the smell of fresh bread and fresh apple cake.

Miss Gay put two more chairs at the table.

"Sit down in these chairs while I get you something to eat and drink," she said.

She took from the oven the fresh bread and the freshly baked apple cake that smelled so good. She put them on the table and got a hot drink for the ragged man. She gave the monkey an apple to eat.

Then she thought of something. "I must call Tommy Parks who lives next door," she said. "He likes monkeys too."

She hurried out of the house calling, "Tommy Parks! Come and see who is sitting right here in my kitchen!"

Tommy came running through the doorway. How surprised he was to see a monkey!



The monkey liked Tommy right away and wanted to give Tommy pieces of his apple.

As the hurdy-gurdy man ate breakfast, he asked Miss Gay about the town.

"Many fine people live in Indian Hills," said Miss Gay. "They want to be polite and kind, but they don't know how.

Where I came from, people would often sit together and talk. Whenever there was music, they came from far and near to hear it. But here they are different.

They just sit in their chairs in their neat and tidy houses. They never have any fun when their work is through.

None of the people have learned how to make any music. They won't even go anywhere to hear music."

"They will come to hear my music," said the ragged hurdy-gurdy man. "My music is as fresh as this spring air."

"Music is what they need," said Miss Gay.

Just then the queer little monkey jumped onto the back of the chair on which the hurdy-gurdy man was sitting.

"He thinks we should leave now," said the man. "I'll take him to the park. We'll play some music there."

"And you must leave for school, Tommy," said Miss Gay.

"Thank you for the good breakfast," said the man politely. "I don't often eat or even smell fresh bread like yours. I don't often have a good hot drink for breakfast."

"My school is right by the park," said Tommy. "I'll go with you."





As they were leaving the house, Tommy asked, "What music can you play?"

"I can play three different pieces," said the man. "But I don't often need to play more than two.

If I pull out this first stop and turn the handle round and round, the first piece of music starts to play. This second stop is for the second piece. This third stop is for the third piece. I do not often play that."

"Why not?" asked Tommy.

"It's a queer kind of music," the man said.

"I like queer music," said Tommy. "I'd like to hear it before you leave."

When they came to the park near the school, the man stopped. He took the hurdy-gurdy off his back. The monkey, who had been sitting on it, jumped down to the ground.

The hurdy-gurdy man pulled out the first stop and began to turn the handle. The first piece began to play. It was merry music, not queer music as the man had said the third piece was.

Round and round went the handle, and on and on went the merry music.

No one came to hear the music at first. However, by the time the merry music was playing for the second time, many of the children were there.

The children of Indian Hills were not queer like the older people. They were like the children of any other town.





The children made a ring
around the hurdy-gurdy man.
They knew that they should go to school,
but they couldn't leave the merry music.

Round and round went the handle
of the hurdy-gurdy. Bigger and bigger
became the ring of children.

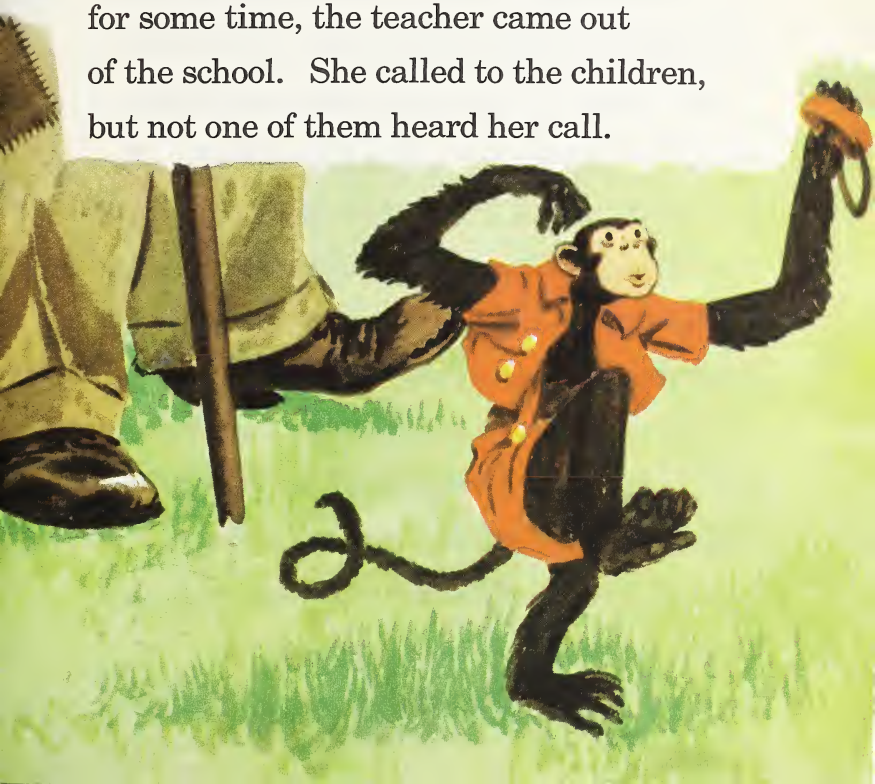
By the time the second piece of music
began to play, all the school children
were standing in the ring.

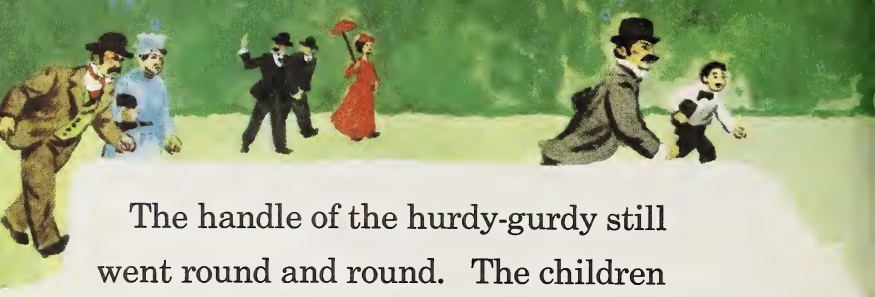
Round and round went the handle
of the hurdy-gurdy. This piece was gayer,
faster, and merrier than the first.
The children began to dance in the ring.

The monkey pulled off his cap and danced too. This made the children laugh so hard that they almost fell over one another as they danced.

Then the teacher began to ring the school bell. Not one of the merry children dancing in the ring heard the bell.

After the bell had been ringing for some time, the teacher came out of the school. She called to the children, but not one of them heard her call.





The handle of the hurdy-gurdy still went round and round. The children danced on and on to the merry music.

Such a thing had never happened before in Indian Hills. The teacher was angry.

Such things should not happen on a school day. How could she teach the children if they didn't come to school?

The mayor of the town could not think what had happened. The school bell had stopped ringing, but he had seen no children leave the park for school.

The mayor wanted to call the policeman, but the policeman was home in bed. He had a bad cold in his head. It wasn't often that a policeman was needed in the town.

So the mayor got out of the big chair that the mayor always sits in and went to tell the queer man to leave town.



"Go away with your hurdy-gurdy!" called the mayor. "We can't have such music in this town. Such music is bad for children."

No one had heard the bell ring.
No one had heard the teacher call.
Now no one heard what the mayor said.

The handle of the hurdy-gurdy kept going round and round. The children danced faster and laughed more than before.

By this time the people of the town were coming to see what was happening. They were as angry as the teacher and the mayor.

Just then, the monkey danced right up
to the mayor and climbed on his back.
He took the mayor's hat right off his head.
Then the monkey put the mayor's hat
on his own head and climbed up a high tree.

"Get that monkey! Lock him up!"
cried the mayor. "I can't have
such things happening here!"

The mayor was very angry, but
the handle kept turning round and round.

Then Tommy Parks came up
to the hurdy-gurdy man.





"Play the third piece! I want to hear the third piece!" called Tommy.

The hurdy-gurdy man looked at Tommy. He saw the ring of happy children. He also saw the angry fathers, mothers, and other people.

He stopped turning the handle of the hurdy-gurdy.

"Yes!" he said. "I think this is the right time to play the third piece."

Quickly he pulled out the third stop on the side of the hurdy-gurdy. That was the one that had made Tommy so curious. Round and round went the handle again.

Out came the best, the merriest, the gayest, and also the strangest music that had ever been heard in Indian Hills or in any other town.



The people forgot the monkey and also the mayor's hat. Such surprised looks had never been seen on faces before.

People started to wag their heads in time to the music. Their feet began to hop in the strangest kind of dance.

Before they knew it, they were dancing as if they did such a thing every day.

Fathers and mothers danced as well as the children. Miss Gay and also Mrs. Parks danced with the mayor.

The policeman had climbed out of bed to see what was happening in Indian Hills. He was dancing with the woman who would not have the monkey in her store.



The baker was dancing also. He was dancing with the schoolteacher.

The people were dancing as if they didn't have a care at all. They looked like the gayest, merriest people that ever were.

"Stop that music!" cried the mayor as he danced round and round.

Then the teacher also called, "Please, stop that music!"

"Stop it, please!" cried the mothers and fathers. "Such dancing is bad!"

But no one could stop the music!

The monkey came down from the tree and sat on the hurdy-gurdy man's back.

Then all at once the music did stop! Down fell every dancer, one on top of another. The store woman fell over the policeman. Mrs. Parks found herself sitting on the mayor's feet.

There they sat looking at each other, very red-faced.

How silly they all looked!

There was only one thing to do about it. Everyone began to laugh. They laughed and laughed until their sides hurt.



The mayor was the first one who could stop laughing long enough to talk.

"Let's have a picnic!" he said.

"Yes! A picnic! A picnic!" cried the children. "And let's have sandwiches and ice cream and cake."

"I'll bring fresh bread for sandwiches," said the baker as he sat up.

The store woman got to her feet. "I'll bring things to put into the sandwiches," she said.

"Let the fathers make the sandwiches," a man said.

"That takes care of the sandwiches," said the teacher. "I'll make lemonade. We can't have a picnic without lemonade."

"We'll make ice cream and cake for all who come to the picnic," said the mothers.

"And I'll bring apples and oranges enough for everybody in town," said the judge.



"Hurry up and get things done," the mayor said. "When everything is ready, the fireman will ring a bell. Be sure to wear old clothes to the picnic."

Everyone worked fast. The sandwiches and cakes were put into boxes. The lemonade was put into jars, and the apples and oranges were put into bags.

It was to be the first picnic the town had ever had. The spring day was just right for it. The trees were green, the flowers were pretty, and the air smelled as fresh as the new bread in the sandwiches.



Soon the fire bell began to ring.
At the very first sound of the bell,
people came on the run from all over town.

All were dressed in old clothes, and
each one was carrying something to help
make the picnic a merry, merry time.

What a fine picnic it was! No one
kept count of how many sandwiches he ate
or how many glasses of lemonade he drank.

Never before had the children seen
more sandwiches, ice cream, cake, oranges,
and apples than they could eat.

The people were having so much fun that they forgot about the hurdy-gurdy man.

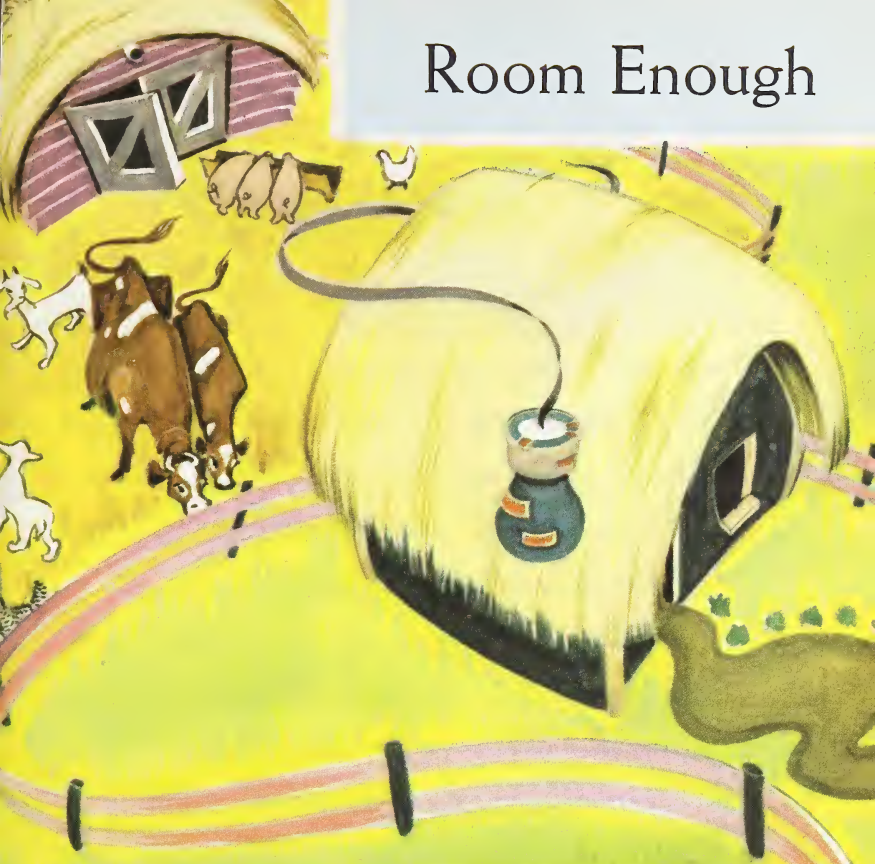
Then all at once, Tommy Parks said, "Where's the hurdy-gurdy man?"

Everyone looked around. The hurdy-gurdy man was nowhere to be seen.

But you can be sure that, by this time, the queer ragged man was walking and whistling down some road, looking for another little town that needed his music.



Room Enough



Many years ago a wise old judge lived in a little town.

Often people went to the judge for help with their troubles. It seemed to them that the wise judge could always tell them what to do.



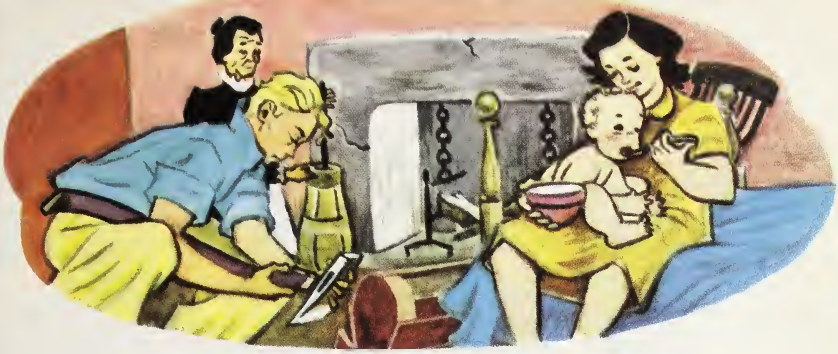
One day an old man who lived in a small house just outside the town came to see the judge.

"I've heard that you are very wise," he said to the judge. "I hope that you can help me."

"I'll help you if I can," said the judge. "Tell me what seems to be the trouble."

"My wife and I have been living all alone," said the old man. "Our house is very small, but we have been happy together. Some time ago my son and his wife and baby came to live with us.

The house is now so full I can hardly walk around in it. And the baby seems to be always in my way."



"Doesn't your son help with the work on your small farm?" asked the judge.

"Yes, he does," said the old man. "He does almost all the farm work. But the house is too small for the five of us. If I had money enough, I would build a bigger house."

"Doesn't your son's wife do anything to help?" asked the judge.

"She is a good worker," said the old man. "She takes care of the baby and helps with the work around the house and farm.

If I could only build a bigger house, I would be happy to have them with us. But the one room in our house just doesn't seem to be big enough for all of us."



"Does your wife like to have five people in such a small house?" asked the judge. "Does she want to build a bigger house?"

"The house doesn't seem too small to her," answered the old man. "She likes having our son and his wife and baby with us."

"I see," said the judge. "You want a larger house, but you don't have money enough to build one. Maybe I can help you. Will you promise to do everything that I tell you to do?"

"I'll promise," said the old man.
"I really need a larger house.
Everybody gets in my way now."

Then the wise judge said, "When you get home, go into the barn and get your cow and calf. Take them to live with you in your small house."

"But will that make my house grow larger?" asked the old man. "That seems silly to me. It doesn't make sense."

"Did you come here for help?" asked the judge.

"Yes, I did, and I promised to do what you asked," said the old man.

"I will take the cow and calf into our small house. I hope that this will make the house grow larger. It doesn't have room enough for me now."

When the old man got home, he went right to the barn to get the cow and calf.



As he pulled them into the house, his wife said, "What are you doing with the cow and calf? Put them out in the barn where they belong! They are getting my clean floor all dirty!"

The old man told what the judge had said.

"If the judge said that taking the cow and calf into the house would make it grow, I believe it," said the old wife. "The judge is a very wise man.

We haven't enough money to build a new house anyway. If a dirty floor will help us to have a larger house, I'll put up with it."

Now things really did seem bad to the old man. The floor was always dirty. The little house was no longer neat and tidy.

Every time the cow turned her head, the bell on her neck would ring. The calf often knocked things off the table onto the floor.

No longer could the old man sit by himself while the others worked. He had to watch the cow and calf all the time to be sure they didn't get into trouble.

Sometimes the calf nearly walked on the baby as the baby played on the floor. Then the poor baby would cry.





One day the old man found the cow eating his food. He gave the poor cow a big push and she knocked the dishes and food off the table onto the dirty floor.

That was too much for the old man. "I can't have this cow putting her nose into my food," he said. "The house doesn't seem to be growing any larger. It seems to be growing smaller.

I'm going to see the judge again. That cow has her nose in everything. She puts her nose into my face at night when I'm in bed. I can't even sleep."

The old man started for town to see the judge.

The old man told the judge how the cow put her nose into everything. He told how the cow ate his food and knocked the dishes off the table onto the dirty floor.

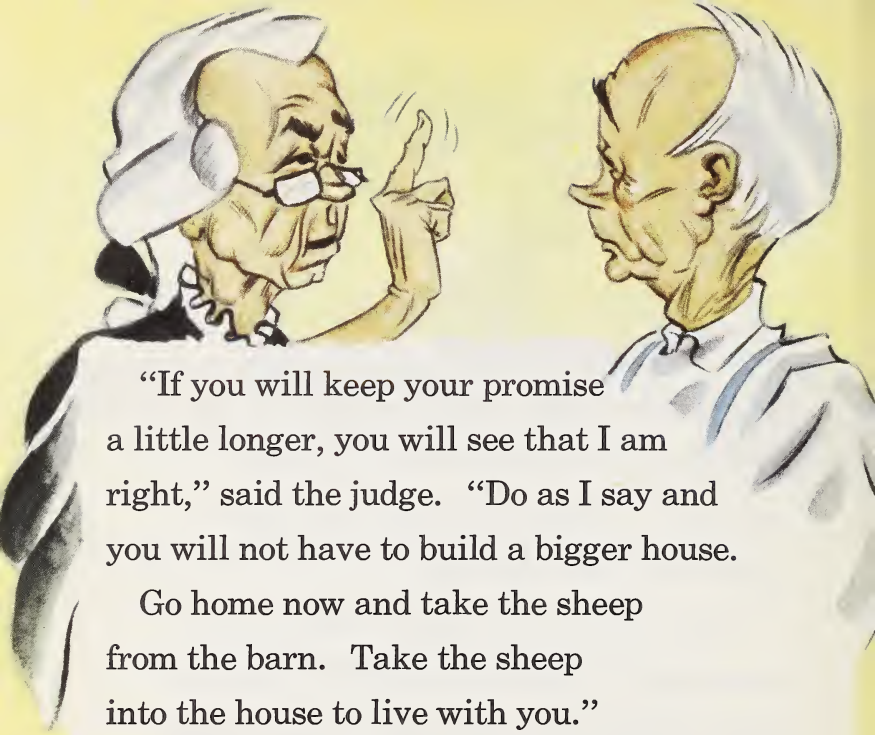
Then he said, "I've kept my promise, but the house hasn't grown at all."

The wise judge heard everything. "It's too soon for the house to grow," he said. "Hasn't your poor wife said anything about the cow?"

"She hasn't said much," the old man answered. "She works so hard that she likes to have the cow in the house. Now she doesn't have to go to the barn to milk.

But that cow is more trouble to me than my son, his wife, and their baby. I can't sit still with her in the house, and she doesn't let me sleep at night."





"If you will keep your promise a little longer, you will see that I am right," said the judge. "Do as I say and you will not have to build a bigger house.

Go home now and take the sheep from the barn. Take the sheep into the house to live with you."

"But if the house hasn't grown with the cow and the calf, how can a sheep make it grow?" asked the unhappy old man.

"Just do as I say and everything will be all right," said the judge.

The old man said to the judge, "A promise is a promise." To himself he said, "If I were not so poor, I would build a larger house." Then he started home.

Soon the unhappy old man was home again. He went to the barn and got the sheep.

His wife saw him coming with the sheep. "What! Are you going to bring the sheep in, too?" she asked.

"The judge said to do it," answered the old man. "He said that it would make our house grow larger."

"The judge must be right," said the old wife. "He is a very wise man."

Before night the sheep had jumped on the old man's chair and broken it. The cow had broken a jar with her tail. The calf had broken a pretty dish. The little house seemed smaller than ever.

When the old man told his wife how unhappy he was, she said, "Be patient a little longer. I'm sure the judge is right."



The old man found it hard to be patient.

The next day the sheep jumped up on the old man's bed. Down went the bed to the floor, all broken!

That same day the cow put her nose into the cream that the old woman was making into butter. The cream had to be used to feed the pigs, and there was no butter to eat.

When the old woman was feeding the baby, the sheep knocked the dish of food right out of her hands onto the dirty floor.

"This can't go on," said the old man, looking at the pieces of the broken dish. "I am going to talk to the judge again."



The judge came to the door when the old man knocked. "What now?" he asked.

The old man said, "My house hasn't grown at all! The sheep has broken my chair and my bed. Nearly all the dishes are broken.

My wife can't make butter because the cow keeps putting her nose into the cream. We have to feed the good cream to the pigs."

"Build a new chair and a new bed," said the judge. "Buy some new dishes. Help your wife make more butter.

Now, when you go home, you must do one last thing. Take the goat and the pigs into the house to live with you."

The old man was very unhappy. He knew that the pigs and the goat would really fill the small house.

At last he said, "If you think this will give me a larger house without building a new one, I'll be patient and do it. A promise is a promise."

As the old man walked slowly home, he thought of this last thing he had to do. "I hope that the house won't be so filled with animals that the people will have to sleep in the barn," he thought.

He walked more and more slowly as he came nearer home. He was tired of living in the dirty house with the animals. It was hard for him to be patient.

When he came to the house, he found his wife making butter. The cow was trying to get her nose into the cream again.

His son's wife was trying to feed the baby. The sheep was trying to get the poor baby's food. The house seemed filled with people and animals.

"What did the judge say?" asked the old woman.

"He told me to bring the goat and the pigs into the house," said the old man slowly. "It doesn't make sense to me."

"Well, if he said that, do it and get it over with," said the old woman. "The judge is a wise man. This time I am sure that our house will get larger. We can be patient a little while longer."

So the old man went slowly to the barn. Soon he was back with the goat and the pigs.

The goat didn't want to go into the house, but at last the old man got him in.

The pigs were glad to get in. They began to look around for some food.

The house was so filled now that the old man could find no place to rest.





That day the goat pushed the old woman right into the cream that she was making into butter. A pig put his dirty nose into the poor baby's food. More dishes were knocked onto the floor and broken.

The old woman became very angry.

She said, "This can not go on. You must return to the judge. Tell him that we can no longer eat or sleep in the house.
We can't be patient any longer.
We can't work if we can't rest.

The baby is sure to get hurt in a house filled with animals. This morning he cut himself on a piece of a broken dish."

So the old man returned to the judge's house and knocked on the door.

When the judge saw the old man, he said, "Well, why have you returned? Hasn't your house grown large enough for you?"

"No, it hasn't," said the old man. "You must help us. My poor wife can no longer put up with the animals. I am afraid they will hurt the baby. The poor baby cuts himself on broken dishes.

My son and his wife can't get any rest while the house is filled with animals. They have been patient, but our house hasn't grown any larger."

The judge smiled. "So at last you say it's your poor wife who can't stand the animals. And it's your son's wife and baby that you are thinking of. At last you are thinking of somebody else, not just yourself.

Well, go home and return all the animals to the barn. Help your wife clean up the dirty house. See what will happen."

The old man hurried home to his wife. When he came to the house, his wife was trying to make butter.

"At last the judge says to return all the animals to the barn!" cried the old man. "Help me get them out."

The old man and his wife pushed and pulled at the animals until not one was left in the house. The animals seemed glad to get back where they belonged.





Then the old man and his wife started to clean the dirty house. They washed the floor. Then they washed all the windows. The old woman even washed the bed clothes.

Now the house began to look neat and tidy again. It seemed as if some magic were at work.

The old wife finished making the butter. Then she washed the new dishes and all the old ones that had not been knocked onto the floor and broken.

The son's wife made a fine dinner for the five of them, with food enough to feed twice as many. No one was unhappy. It all seemed like magic.

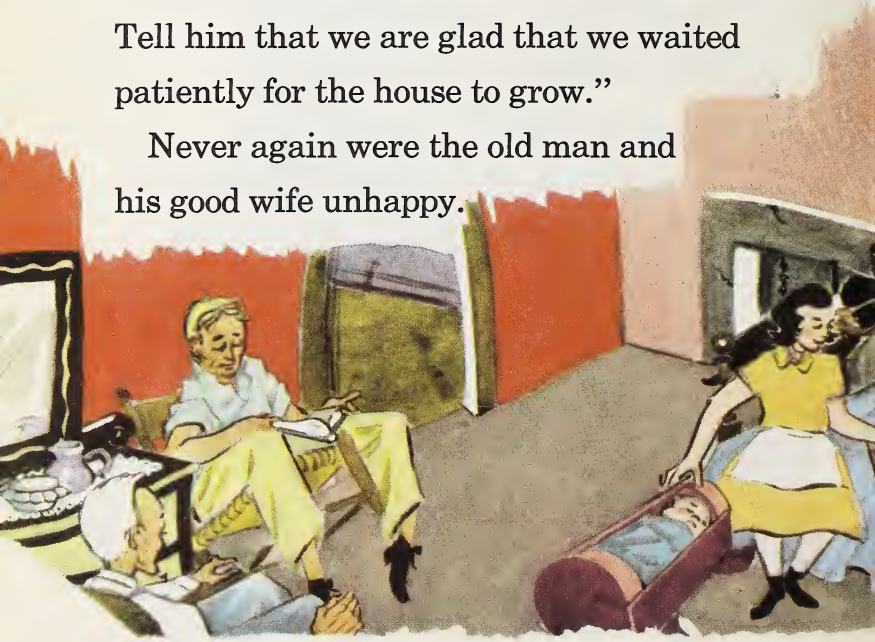
At last all the work was done. The dishes were washed, the house was clean, and the baby was sleeping soundly.

The patient old man and his wife and the son and his wife sat down to rest.

"Hasn't this house grown!" said the old woman. "The judge was right. You kept your promise and the house really has grown larger. It seems like magic. We don't need to build a new house.

When you see the wise judge, thank him. Tell him that we are glad that we waited patiently for the house to grow."

Never again were the old man and his good wife unhappy.



Oswald Makes Magic



Oswald Read prized two things very highly. One was Agnes, his wife. The other was his magic.

Agnes prized Oswald highly, too, but sometimes she found it hard to live with his magic. Things in her house didn't stay where they belonged. Oswald was always surprising her.

One day when Oswald came home, Agnes was looking troubled.

"My ring is gone," she said. "It isn't where I put it. Have you seen it?"

Oswald didn't answer her question.

"The flowers need water," he said. "I'll get a hose and turn on the water. Then I'll help find the ring."

Soon Oswald had the water running.

"Agnes, you hold the hose and I'll get my magic wand," he said.

Agnes took the hose and Oswald went into the house. After a while he came back with the magic wand in his hand.

"I looked everywhere in there," he said. "Now I'll take a look around here."

"I haven't had the ring out here," said Agnes as Oswald took the hose from her and turned off the water.

"I'll look around anyway," he said.

Oswald took off the hose and let the water run out of it. Then he took the hose in his left hand and tapped it with his magic wand.

Oswald waved the wand above the hose. Then he waved the wand under it. He turned the hose over and once more waved the magic wand over it. Then he put one end of the hose up to his eye.

"Just as I thought!" he cried. "See, Agnes?"

He looked very wise, tapped the hose with his magic wand, and out came the ring.







Oswald did many magic tricks.

He might find a kitchen pan behind a picture in the living room.

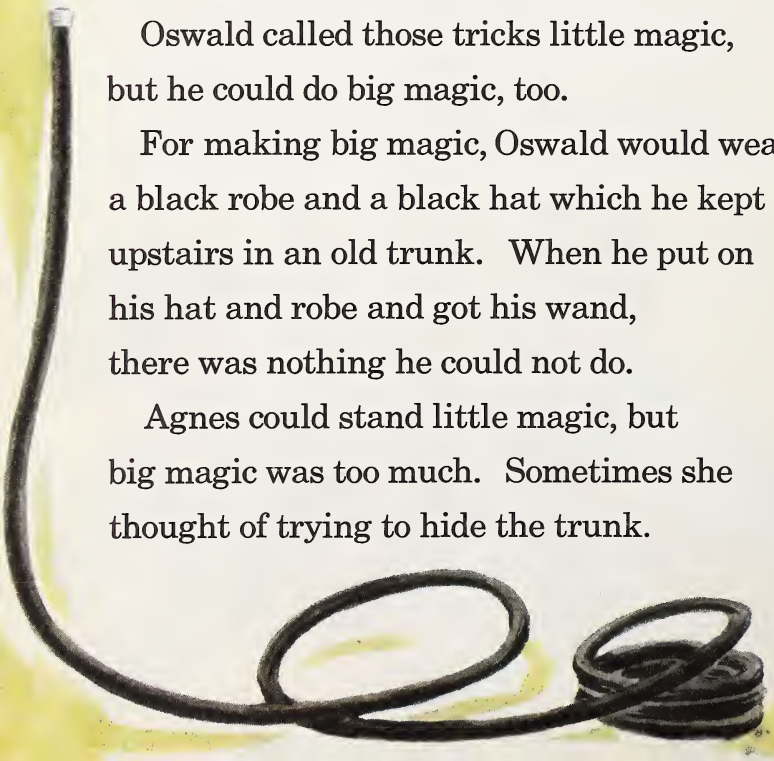
He could tap the hose with his wand and get out an apple or an orange.

By waving his wand he could pull rabbits out of hats, cookies out of shoes, and wishbones out of his wife's hair.

Oswald called those tricks little magic, but he could do big magic, too.

For making big magic, Oswald would wear a black robe and a black hat which he kept upstairs in an old trunk. When he put on his hat and robe and got his wand, there was nothing he could not do.

Agnes could stand little magic, but big magic was too much. Sometimes she thought of trying to hide the trunk.





One summer Oswald and Agnes had to find a new home. He had no time for magic. The hat and robe stayed in the old trunk.

Agnes didn't mind that, but Oswald did.

"Just wait!" he often said. "When we get into our new home, I'll make the best and biggest magic you ever saw."

Agnes made up her mind to hide the trunk. She pushed it behind a door. She hoped that Oswald could not make big magic without his wand, robe, and black hat.

When the truck came to take things to the new home, Agnes watched every piece that went into it. The trunk was not put on the truck. She couldn't help smiling about the trick she had played on Oswald.



As the truck slowly started off, Oswald jumped into it. Agnes got into their car. As she went on ahead, she waved to Oswald. He waved back and smiled.

At their new home Agnes went upstairs to show the men where to put things. Oswald helped them and the work went fast. Soon he called, "Last piece coming up!"

There was Oswald with the trunk. "I hope you don't mind," he said, smiling.

Agnes couldn't help laughing. There was no way to stop Oswald's magic.





Behind the new home there was a garden. Around that there was a fence, a high board fence painted grey.

Agnes didn't care for the grey fence, but she liked the garden. She could be happy, looking at the flowers, or just sitting still and hearing the birds.

Agnes hoped that Oswald would make all his magic in the house. She didn't mind his doing tricks, if she didn't have to be right with them.



Oswald could see that Agnes was not happy about the grey fence.

He began to think about what he could put into the garden. He wanted something to make her forget the grey board fence. He wanted something that no one else had ever thought of putting into a garden.

One day Oswald happened to remember that Agnes had lived in a Chinese city when she was a little girl. She would surely like something Chinese.

Then Oswald thought of his magic. By using big magic he could get anything he wished. Oswald smiled and began to whistle.

The next day, when Agnes came home from a party, she went to Oswald's room to tell him about the fun she had had. He wasn't there. The trunk was open and the robe and cap were gone.

Agnes hurried to a window and looked down into the garden. There by the grey fence stood Oswald, dressed in his hat and robe. He was holding the hose with one hand and waving his wand with the other.

Agnes could hardly believe what she saw.

Under the hose a Chinese dragon was playing around in the water.





The Chinese dragon was about as big as three big dogs. He was red all over, all but his feet and back. They were golden.

Agnes hurried down to the garden. When the Chinese dragon saw her, he stood up and began to blow fire through his nose.

Agnes jumped back quickly.

"Don't be afraid!" Oswald called. "He won't hurt you. A Chinese dragon blows fire through his nose to show that he likes you. I hope you don't mind."



Agnes was very angry.

"What — where — how?" she cried. She was too angry to finish a question.

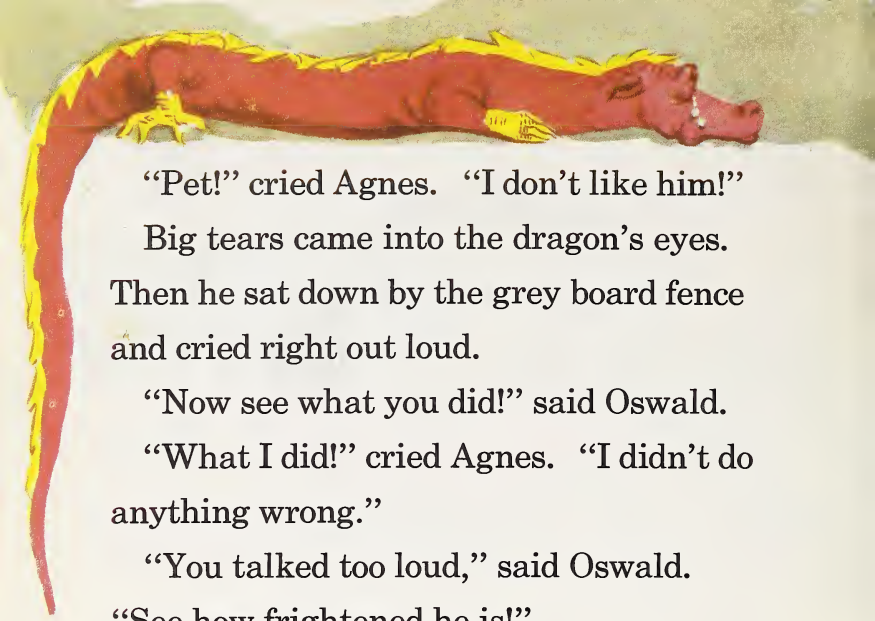
The Chinese dragon stopped blowing fire through his nose. He knew that something must be wrong.

Oswald smiled his biggest smile.

"Big magic did it," he said. "It wasn't very hard to do. Anyone can make a Chinese dragon — if he knows how."

"How?" cried Agnes, still angry.

"I can't — I won't tell," said Oswald. "It isn't wrong to make magic, but it is wrong to tell how it is done. Isn't he a fine pet?"



"Pet!" cried Agnes. "I don't like him!"

Big tears came into the dragon's eyes. Then he sat down by the grey board fence and cried right out loud.

"Now see what you did!" said Oswald.

"What I did!" cried Agnes. "I didn't do anything wrong."

"You talked too loud," said Oswald. "See how frightened he is!"

"If you think he is frightened, what do you think I am?" asked Agnes.

"Well, come and pet him," said Oswald. "Show him that you like him."

"I won't!" said Agnes. "I don't like him. Put him back where he came from before he frightens everybody around here. A Chinese dragon is no good to anyone."

"That's wrong!" said Oswald. "Just wait! I'll show you what a Chinese dragon can do!"



The dragon cried louder than ever.

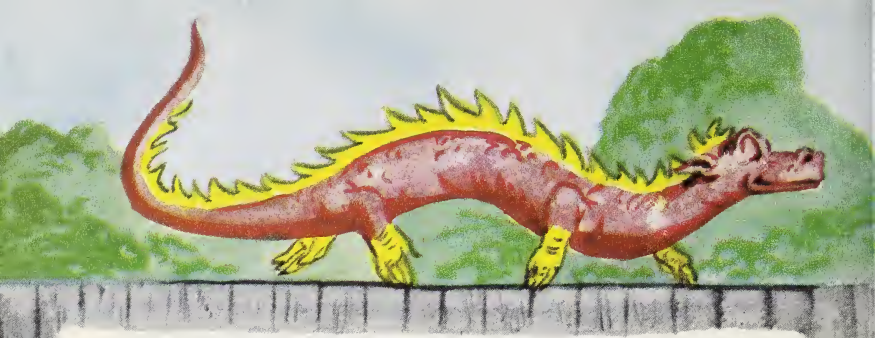
"Poor little thing!" said Oswald. "It's wrong to frighten him. I'll pet him behind the ears. Dragons like to be petted behind their ears."

Very soon the dragon stopped crying, and Oswald whispered something in his ear. The dragon stood up on his hind legs.

Oswald put a large pan of water on the dragon's nose. At once the dragon began to blow fire through his nose and the water soon got very hot.

"There!" said Oswald. "Now shall I have our pet make some cocoa?"

"Not for me!" said Agnes as she turned quickly and went into the house.



The Chinese dragon soon learned that Oswald was his friend. He also learned that Agnes was not his friend. That made him feel very bad.

The dragon learned tricks very quickly. When he wasn't frightened, he did everything Oswald wanted him to do.

He would run like a cat along the top of the gray board fence. He would stand on his head. He would jump up, turn over and over, and land on his hind feet.

When Oswald petted him behind the ears, he would stand on his hind feet and blow fire in a friendly way. But when his feelings were hurt and he became angry, he frightened everybody.



When the dragon did something wrong, Oswald would tap his head very lightly with the wand. That frightened him and hurt his feelings a little, but it did not make him angry. Oswald was his friend.

When a dragon's feelings are hurt, he makes a queer little noise. It is like a cry that wants to come out but can't.

But when a dragon is angry, he makes loud noises that frighten everybody.

Oswald had always been careful not to tap the Chinese dragon hard enough to make him angry.

One morning Oswald got a pan of water and went down to the garden. He wanted to surprise Agnes by having the dragon help him get breakfast. He thought he might have oatmeal, cocoa, and toast.

Oswald waved his wand and the dragon stood up on his hind legs and began blowing fire through his nose. Oswald put the pan on the fire, and soon the water was hot. Then something happened.

The dragon began to jump around and the pan fell off his nose. Some hot water hit Oswald. He forgot to be careful.

"Stop it!" he shouted, and hit the dragon with his wand. It was not a light tap.

The dragon was frightened and angry. He made a noise such as no one had ever heard before. It was so loud that it went right through the houses and frightened everybody.

No one could sleep with such a noise going on.



People jumped out of bed,
pushed up windows, and shouted for help.
The noise got louder and louder.

Agnes called the police and soon
a policeman was knocking at her door.

She opened an upstairs window,
feeling very angry and very silly.

"What's wrong?" the policeman shouted.

"The dragon!" Agnes shouted back.

"The what?" shouted the policeman.

"The Chinese dragon!" shouted Agnes.
"Oswald made one with his magic. It's out
in the garden. Be careful."



The policeman knew about dragons and magic. He couldn't be frightened by one noisy Chinese dragon. The dragon must have known that, for he stopped the loud noise when he saw the policeman.

The policeman smiled in a friendly way at Oswald and asked, "Well, where did you dig up this thing?"

"I did some big magic," Oswald answered, feeling a little silly. "Is that wrong?"

"Magic isn't wrong," said the policeman. "But this dragon is too loud and too noisy. Most people don't like loud noises. Their ears can't stand them.

And here's another thing. The mayor won't let you keep this animal here."

"He isn't an animal. He's a pet," said Oswald. "Most people keep pets."

"They are careful to keep them quiet," said the policeman.

That night everything was quiet. The dragon slept quietly in the garden, and people slept quietly in their houses. Most of the trouble seemed to be over.

Agnes was so glad that next day she asked some friends to have dinner with her at a Chinese eating place. It was run by some Chinese friends of Oswald.

When Agnes and her friends got there, they found the door locked. In the window was a sign that read: NOT OPEN TODAY.

That was all. No one around there knew why the place was not open or where the men had gone. So Agnes took her friends to another good place for dinner.





When Agnes got home, she soon found out where the Chinese friends had gone. There in the garden they sat by the grey fence. The dragon was standing on his hind legs, blowing fire through his nose.

As Agnes walked into the garden, all the Chinese friends got up and bowed.

"Our friends came to see our new pet!" said Oswald. The friends bowed politely. Then each one bowed and said hello to Agnes. She bowed and said hello to them.

After that they went on quietly watching the dragon. He was feeling happy.

"Our new pet slept so well last night that now he wants to play," said Oswald.



As he said that, the dragon tried to blow fire down Agnes's back.

Agnes got so angry she hit the dragon right in the face and boxed his ears.

That made the dragon angry. He made such a loud noise that even the Chinese friends were frightened. They covered their ears and started to leave.

They were so frightened they said hello and not good-bye and forgot to bow.

"Don't go!" shouted Oswald. "I need help."



The Chinese friends came back. One of them petted the dragon behind the ears until he stopped making the loud noise.

As soon as everything was quiet, Oswald whispered something to his friends. They bowed and smiled and started off.

As they left, they wanted to say good-bye but they forgot and said hello.

Oswald smiled and said hello to them. Then he went into the house to see how Agnes was feeling. She was unhappy.

"I can't stand that noisy dragon!" she cried. "Take him away or I'll leave!"

"I'll take care of him," Oswald said. "He will never trouble you again."

That night Agnes slept well. The dragon must have slept, too, for everything was very, very quiet.

The next morning when Agnes looked out into the garden, the dragon was not there. She hurried downstairs to the living room where she heard Oswald walking around.

As she walked through the doorway, Oswald smiled and looked up at a new picture over the fireplace. It was a red dragon, a sleeping red dragon with golden feet.

Agnes didn't ask where it came from. She knew. At last Oswald had put his magic to good use.





Oswald never again let the dragon play under the hose or walk on the grey fence. He wanted Agnes and her friends to think that the dragon just slept on and on.

Now and then the Chinese friends came to see the dragon. They always knocked at the door, bowed, and said hello. Then they came in and sat quietly watching while the dragon slept.

Sometimes when Agnes was away, Oswald would have the dragon sit in the fireplace and blow fire through his nose. That always made the Chinese friends happy.

Agnes was always happy to show the dragon to her friends.

"It's a fine piece of Chinese work," she would say. "Just see how real it looks! You know, sometimes I have a strange feeling that it opens one eye a little way when I come into the room."

"How silly!" said her friends.

Agnes wasn't so sure. She knew Oswald and his magic. She knew, too, that magic can make dragons do strange things.









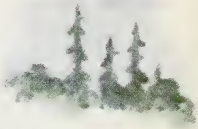
When You Grow Up

"When you grow up," said Mr. Long,
"What do you think you'll be?"
"I just don't know," said Andy Long.
"It's hard to choose, you see.





I'd like to be a fireman
And go racing to the fires,
Or a linesman with his telephone,
Working on the wires.



I'd like to be a sailor
In a boat upon the seas,
Or a flyer in an airplane,
Flying high above the trees.



I'd like to have a circus band
And play in a parade,
Or work inside the circus tent
Selling lemonade.







I'd like to run a tractor plow
And push away the snow.
I'd like to be an officer
Who lets the traffic go.



I'd like to be a mailman
Or a keeper in a zoo;
And I'd like to be a banker,
And have a railroad too.



I'd like to put in water pipes
And sell things in a store.
I'd like to fish or ride a horse —
All these and many more."



"When you grow up," said Mr. Long,
"I hope you will not find
That you are out of work because
You can't make up your mind!"



Say the word **at** slowly and listen carefully to hear the beginning sound. Did you hear the sound of the **a**?

It is not hard to hear the sound of **a** at the beginning of a word.

Say the words **am, an, answer** slowly and listen for the sound of **a.**

If you listen carefully, you can also hear the sound of **a** when it comes in the middle or near the middle of a word.

Say each of the following words slowly and listen for the sound of the **a** in the middle of the word:

back	**tap**	**black**	**glass**	**thank**
tack	**map**	**crack**	**class**	**crank**

If your class had to put up a map, which of these things would be of most help in the work?

good cracks good cranks good tacks

Listen to hear the sound of **e** that begins the words **end, else, ever.** Say them slowly.

Now listen for the same sound of **e** in the middle of each of these words:

let get when sent ten them

As you say the following words, make each middle **a** sound like **a** in **at,** and each middle **e** sound like **e** in **end.**

sand send band bend man men
pat pet than then bag beg

Read each of the following questions and choose the right answer for it:

Which of these things are hard to bend?
big boards small wires large bones

Which is the right way to pet a puppy?
Pat him. Tap him. Bend him. Hit him.

What does the word **beg** mean?
Ask once. Ask over and over. Take.

Which is the polite way to get something to eat at the dinner table?
Beg for it. Ask for it. Shout for it.

Say the words **in**, **into**, **is**, **if**, and **it**, and listen to hear the sound of **i**.

Now listen for the same sound of **i** in the middle of each of these words:

win with dish string think

As you say the following words, sound each middle **a** like **a** in **at**, each middle **e** like **e** in **end**, and each middle **i** like **i** in **it**:

pan pen pin sat sit bag beg big
fell fill tell till ten tin left lift

Read each question that follows and choose the right answer:

Which word means a place to keep pigs?

pan pin pen tin ten

If you want to buy some ice cream, which of these things will help you most?

tin sense ten sets ten cents tin cents

What is the best way to help a kitten get out of a deep box?

Lift it out. Throw it out. Fill up the box.

The two letters **un** are sometimes used before a word to add the meaning **not.**

Unhappy means **not happy.**

What does each of these words mean?

unkind unlike untidy unwise unopened unlocked uncovered unseen

Which looks better, a painted house or an **unpainted** one?

If the ground is covered with snow, how can it be **uncovered**?

Does the smell of spring flowers make you feel **unhappy**?

In what ways is spring **unlike** summer?

In what ways is a sandwich **unlike** a cooky?

If you need to **unlock** a door, what do you have to use?

Is an **unlocked** door always open?

If you find an **unopened** letter that is not yours, what should you do with it?

Money in My Bank

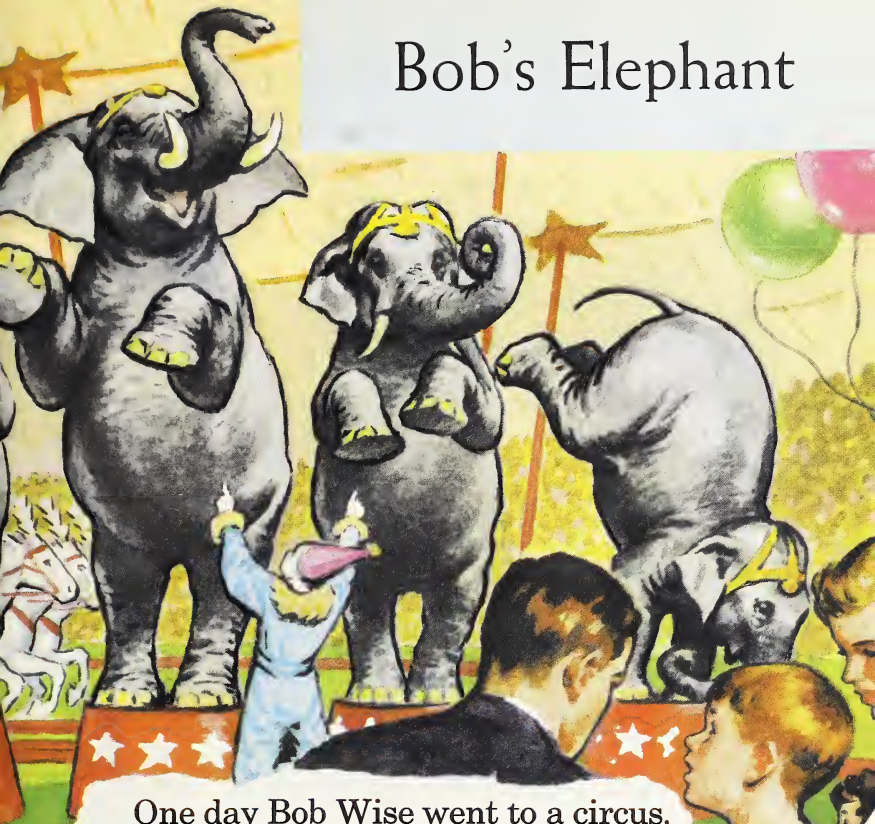
My bank is hungry all the time;
I often have to feed it.
But there my money waits for me
If I should really need it.

It eats up dollars, nickels, cents,
As fast as I can earn them,
And there are times when I should like
To have my bank return them.

Today I'd like to buy a game —
I'm sure that I could use one —
A kitten or a puppy dog,
It would be fun to choose one.

I wish I knew which one to buy;
It's hard to choose between them.
I'll leave my money in the bank
And just forget I've seen them.

Bob's Elephant



One day Bob Wise went to a circus. It was a large three-ring circus with every animal in it that anyone would ever look for in a circus.

In the ring right in front of Bob was the largest elephant that Bob had ever seen. Its ears were twice as large as the ears of any other elephant there.

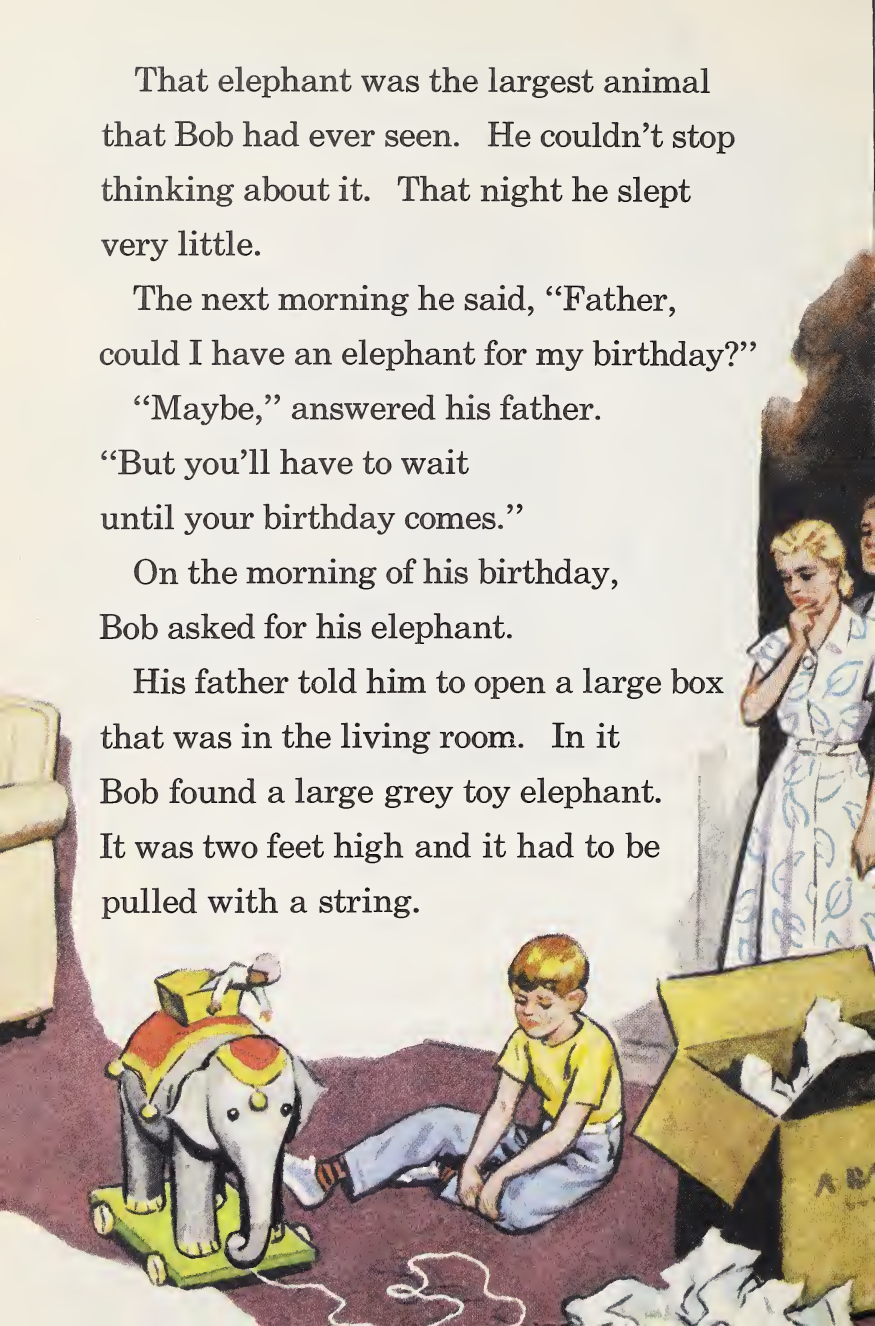
That elephant was the largest animal that Bob had ever seen. He couldn't stop thinking about it. That night he slept very little.

The next morning he said, "Father, could I have an elephant for my birthday?"

"Maybe," answered his father. "But you'll have to wait until your birthday comes."

On the morning of his birthday, Bob asked for his elephant.

His father told him to open a large box that was in the living room. In it Bob found a large grey toy elephant. It was two feet high and it had to be pulled with a string.



Bob thanked his father politely
and played with the toy elephant
a little while. Then he put it away.

"Don't you like it?" asked his mother.

"Yes," answered Bob, "but I want
a real elephant with big ears,
like the one in the circus."

Bob's mother and father did not want him
to be unhappy. But they couldn't get
a real elephant for him.

Then his mother remembered that
there was a real elephant in the city zoo.

She thought, "The elephant in the zoo
belongs to all the people in this city.
It belongs to Bob just as much as
it does to anyone else."

"Bob!" she said. "Put on your hat.
I'm going to take you to see your elephant."

They rode for a while on the street car.
Then they got off and walked a little way.



Soon they were standing right in front of a big cage. Inside the cage was a large grey elephant, sound asleep.

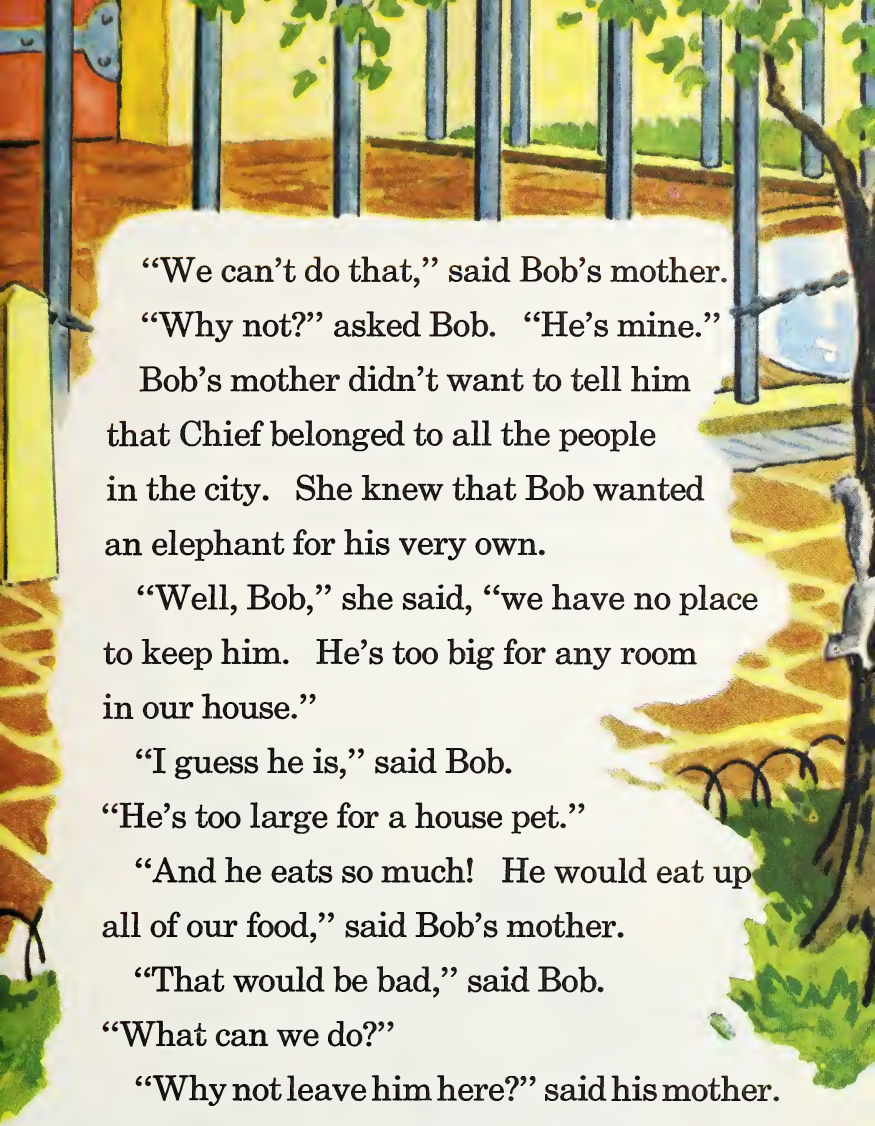
"That's your elephant!" said Bob's mother. "His name is Chief."

Bob was very happy. "Thank you, Mother," he said. "I guess I am the happiest boy there is, because I have a mother like you and an elephant like Chief."

Then he called to the elephant, "Hello, Chief!"

Chief slept on.

"Poor old Chief," said Bob. "I guess he's tired. Let's take him home."



"We can't do that," said Bob's mother.

"Why not?" asked Bob. "He's mine."

Bob's mother didn't want to tell him that Chief belonged to all the people in the city. She knew that Bob wanted an elephant for his very own.

"Well, Bob," she said, "we have no place to keep him. He's too big for any room in our house."

"I guess he is," said Bob. "He's too large for a house pet."

"And he eats so much! He would eat up all of our food," said Bob's mother.

"That would be bad," said Bob. "What can we do?"

"Why not leave him here?" said his mother.

Just then a small man in a grey suit came along carrying a broom.

"That's Chief's keeper, Mr. Bell," said Bob's mother. "He will look after Chief and feed him and keep him clean. You may come back to see Chief tomorrow."

"All right," said Bob. "So long, Chief!" he called out. "See you tomorrow!"

Chief slept on quietly.

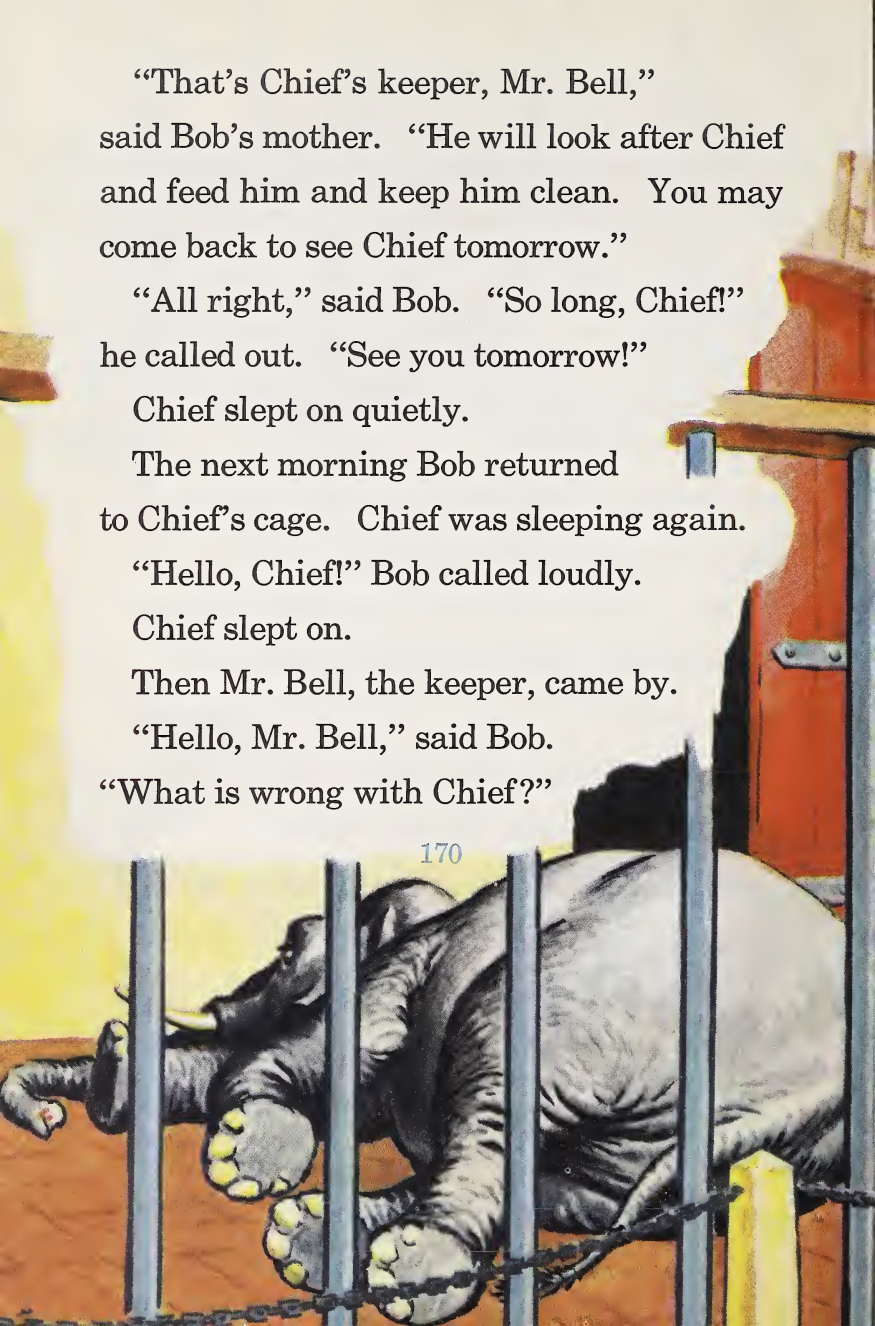
The next morning Bob returned to Chief's cage. Chief was sleeping again.

"Hello, Chief!" Bob called loudly.

Chief slept on.

Then Mr. Bell, the keeper, came by.

"Hello, Mr. Bell," said Bob. "What is wrong with Chief?"



"He's a bad elephant!" said the keeper.

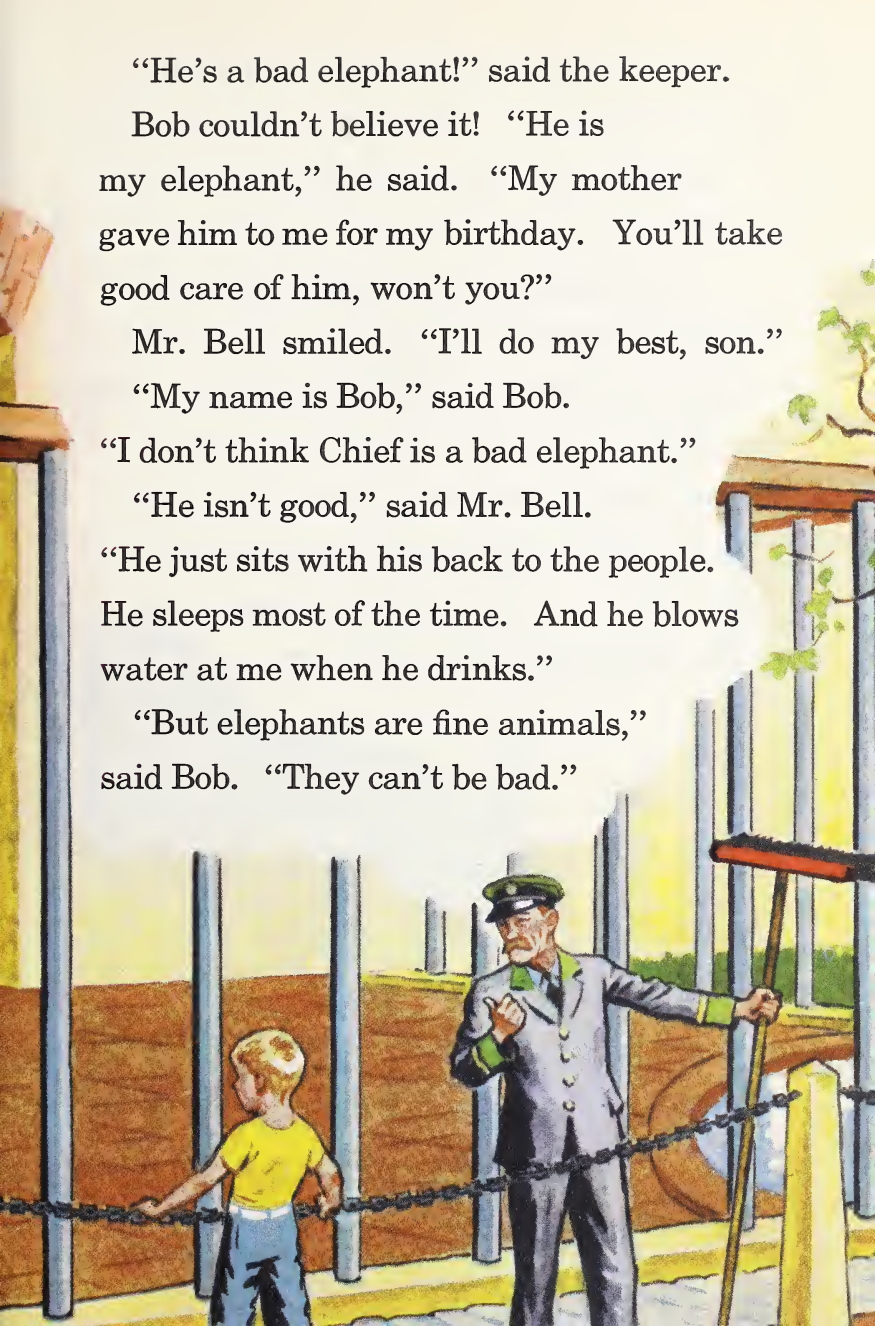
Bob couldn't believe it! "He is my elephant," he said. "My mother gave him to me for my birthday. You'll take good care of him, won't you?"

Mr. Bell smiled. "I'll do my best, son."

"My name is Bob," said Bob. "I don't think Chief is a bad elephant."

"He isn't good," said Mr. Bell. "He just sits with his back to the people. He sleeps most of the time. And he blows water at me when he drinks."

"But elephants are fine animals," said Bob. "They can't be bad."



"Then tell me why Chief does bad things," said the keeper.

"I guess no one ever made him be good," said Bob.

"Are you going to teach him to be good?" asked the keeper.

"He's my elephant, so I'll have to," said Bob.

Every day Bob returned to the zoo to see Chief. He was very patient with Chief. Soon Chief knew him and liked him.

Bob would call, "Hello, Chief!"



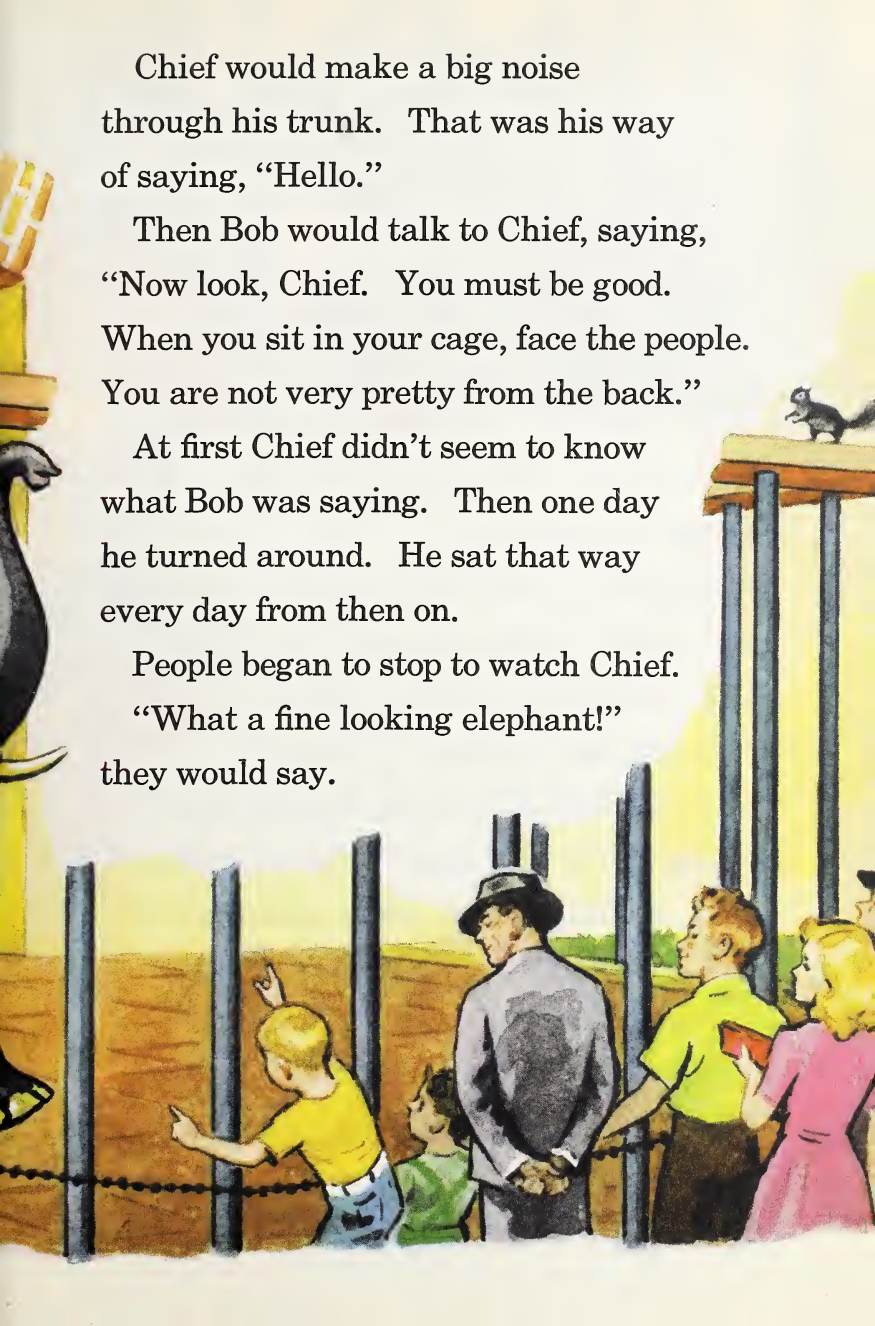
Chief would make a big noise through his trunk. That was his way of saying, "Hello."

Then Bob would talk to Chief, saying, "Now look, Chief. You must be good. When you sit in your cage, face the people. You are not very pretty from the back."

At first Chief didn't seem to know what Bob was saying. Then one day he turned around. He sat that way every day from then on.

People began to stop to watch Chief.

"What a fine looking elephant!" they would say.





"His name is Chief," Bob would say. "He belongs to me!"

"Really?" the people would say. "He's a mighty fine elephant."

Then Bob would smile happily.

Chief no longer slept all day. Now he walked around, and sometimes he stood up on his hind legs. Once in a while he even seemed to smile and make a bow with his trunk.

Bob would talk to him or call to him, "Hello, there, Chief!"

Then Chief would make the big noise through his trunk.



"I'm surer than ever now that Chief is a good elephant," Bob said one day.

"I'm not," said Mr. Bell. "He still blows water all over me."

"Leave that to me," said Bob. "Bring me the hose. I won't hurt Chief, but I'll teach him not to blow water on you."

When Mr. Bell came with a pail of water, Bob stood by. Chief took most of the water into his trunk. Then he began to blow it on poor Mr. Bell.

"Chief!" called Bob. "You stop that!"

But Chief wanted to play. He began to blow water on Bob. The big elephant seemed to be laughing.



Bob jumped out of the way of most of the water. Then he turned the hose on Chief. The trick worked well.

The cold water frightened the big animal.

Chief jumped back and began making a very loud noise. Mr. Bell smiled. It was queer to see a large animal backing away from a little cold water.

"There, Mr. Chief!" said Bob. "It's not so funny when it happens to you, is it? From now on, you'll get the same thing whenever you blow water on Mr. Bell."

Chief backed up in his cage as far as he could go. He looked frightened.



"Don't be frightened, Chief," said Bob. "We will not use the hose on you if you will promise not to blow water on Mr. Bell. Promise?"

It seemed to Bob that the big elephant wagged his trunk up and down as if he were promising to be good. Then he put the end of his trunk through the cage and took Bob's hand. They were friends again.

"Good boy!" said Bob. He put some peanuts into Chief's trunk.

Chief quickly put the peanuts into his mouth. Then he made the loud noise through his trunk. He was happy again.

All summer long, Bob helped with Chief until you could not have found a better elephant. Bob was pleased. Mr. Bell, the keeper, was also pleased. He let Bob feed Chief.

Then school time came again and Bob returned to school with the other boys.

After school one day, the boys were all telling what each one owned.

"I have a scooter," said Jack.

"That's nothing," said Andy. "I have a white dog. It's the biggest dog you ever saw."

"What of it?" said Bob. "I own an elephant!"

"That's silly!" said Freddy. "Only zoos and circuses own elephants."

The other boys laughed at Bob. They didn't believe him.

"All right!" said Bob. "I'll show you."



Bob took the boys to Chief's cage. Chief was sound asleep.

"There's my elephant!" said Bob. "His name is Chief."

"He's not yours," said George.

"He is too!" said Bob. "Hello, Chief!" called Bob.

Chief jumped up, stood on his hind legs, and made the loud noise through his trunk.

Bob gave Chief some peanuts.
Then Chief went back to sleep.

"There's nothing to that!" said Freddy.
"That old elephant will stand
on his hind legs for me, too."

Freddy called, "Hello, Chief!"

Chief did not even seem to hear.

"Chief!" called Freddy again.

Still Chief slept on.

"See!" said Bob. "He's my elephant
and he knows it!"



Now the boys were sure that Bob was right and that he really owned Chief.

"Who gave him to you?" asked Andy.

"I got him on my birthday from Mother," said Bob.

The next day Bob's mother was called to the school. The teacher told her that all the boys were very unhappy because they did not have anything so fine as Bob's elephant.

"What shall I do?" asked Bob's mother.

"Tell Bob who really owns the elephant," said the teacher.

So Bob's mother took Bob out of the room to tell him who really owned Chief. She told him that Chief really belonged to all the people who lived in the city.

"Am I one of the people?" asked Bob.

"Yes," said Mrs. Wise.

"Then Chief really belongs to me," said Bob.

"Yes," said Mrs.Wise, "but he belongs to the other boys, too. Tell them that."

"Why?" asked Bob.

"They are unhappy," said Mrs. Wise. "They want an elephant too."

"Why can't they have one?" asked Bob.

"Chief is the only elephant in the city," said Mrs. Wise. "It would be fine if you would make the other boys feel that they own him too."

"Chief and I are friends," said Bob. "We don't need anyone else."

Mrs. Wise let Bob think about it a while.

When the time came to go out to play, none of the boys wanted to play. They just sat and thought about owning an elephant. They were very unhappy.

Nobody wanted to play with Bob. He tried to play alone, but that was no fun.

That night Bob did not eat any dinner.

"What's wrong?" asked Mrs.Wise.

"It's no fun playing alone," said Bob. "The other boys won't play with me because of Chief."

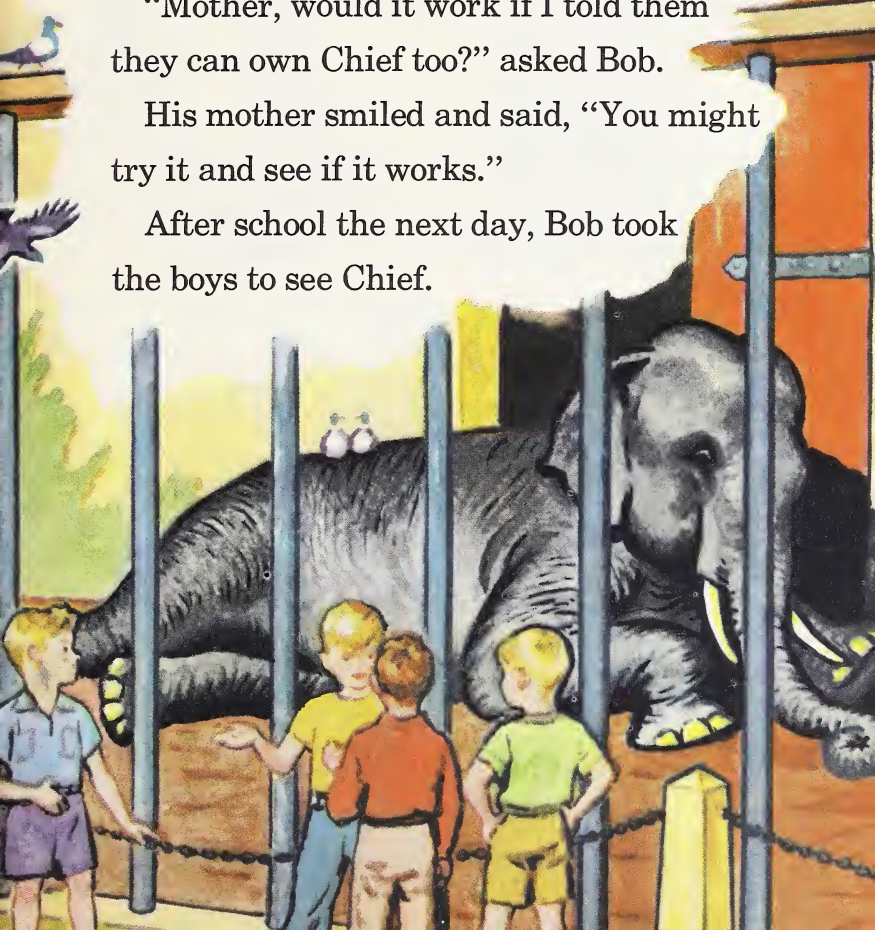
"Maybe you should show them that you are their friend," said his mother.

Bob thought about it for a while.

"Mother, would it work if I told them they can own Chief too?" asked Bob.

His mother smiled and said, "You might try it and see if it works."

After school the next day, Bob took the boys to see Chief.



"Mother and the teacher say that you want an elephant too," said Bob.

"Yes, we do," said Jack.

"Chief is the only elephant in the city," said Bob, "and I own him."

"We know that," said Andy.

"But I think you could all own him with me," said Bob.

"He's big enough for all of us," said Freddy. "We are not very big boys."

"That's right," said Bob. "From now on we all own Chief."

"Really?" asked George.

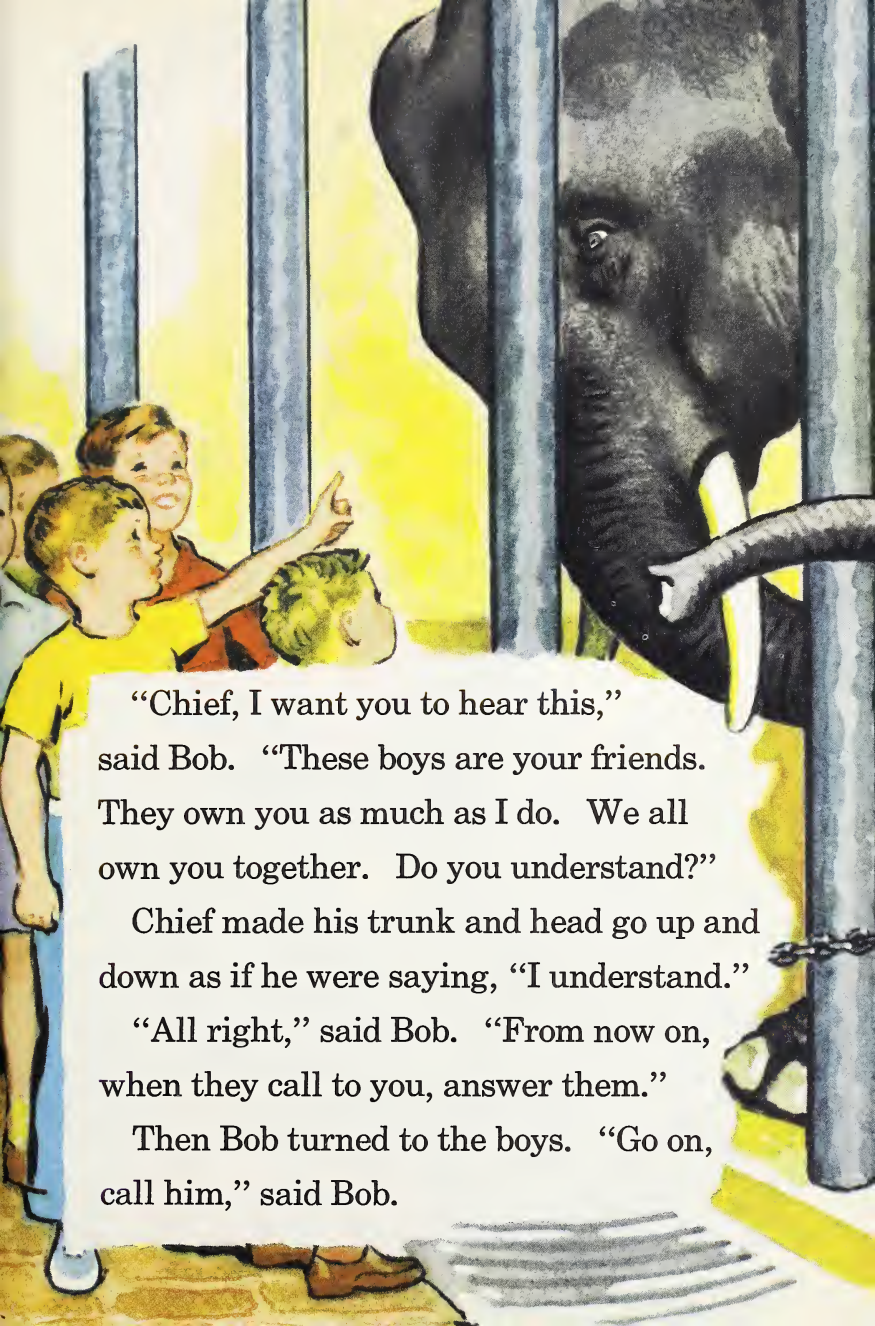
"Yes," said Bob. "You see, Chief really belongs to the people of the city. That's who we are. So we all own Chief."

"Does Chief know about it?" asked Andy.

"I'll tell him," said Bob.

He called, "Hello, Chief!"

Chief stood up on his hind legs and made the loud noise through his trunk.



"Chief, I want you to hear this," said Bob. "These boys are your friends. They own you as much as I do. We all own you together. Do you understand?"

Chief made his trunk and head go up and down as if he were saying, "I understand."

"All right," said Bob. "From now on, when they call to you, answer them."

Then Bob turned to the boys. "Go on, call him," said Bob.

All together the boys called,
"Hello, Chief!"

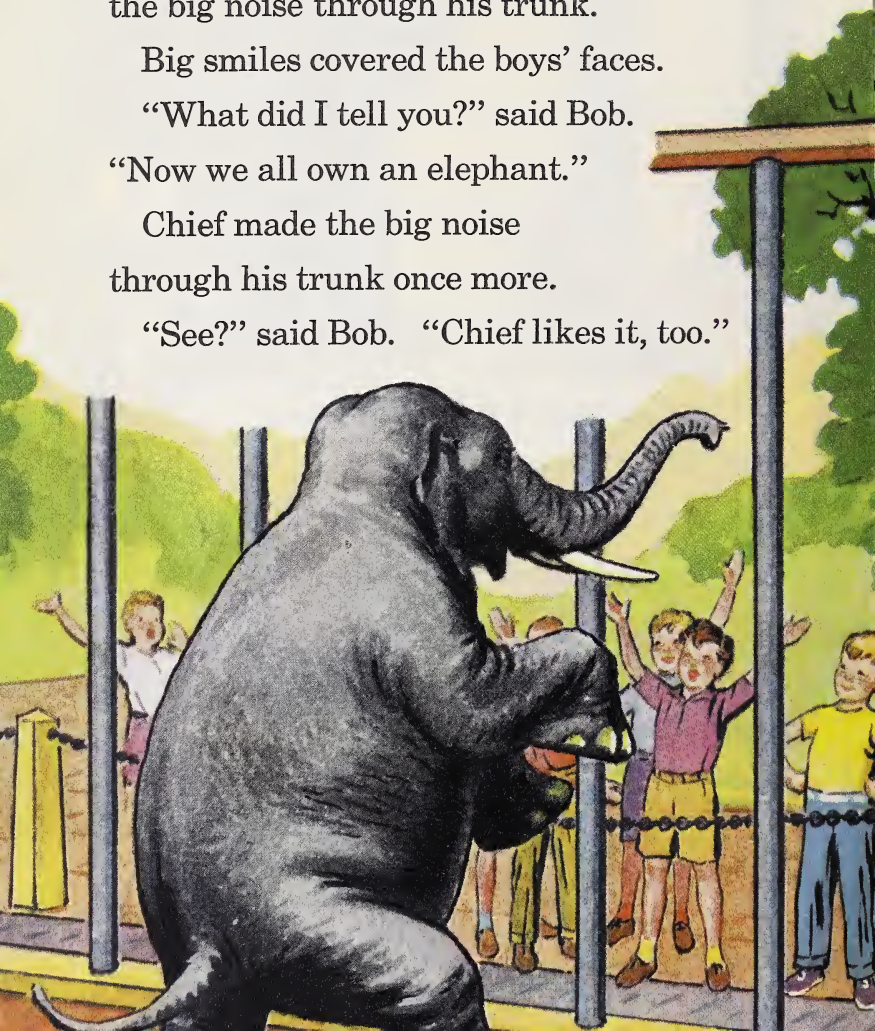
Chief looked at them. Then he got up
on his hind legs again and made
the big noise through his trunk.

Big smiles covered the boys' faces.

"What did I tell you?" said Bob.
"Now we all own an elephant."

Chief made the big noise
through his trunk once more.

"See?" said Bob. "Chief likes it, too."



Magic Times



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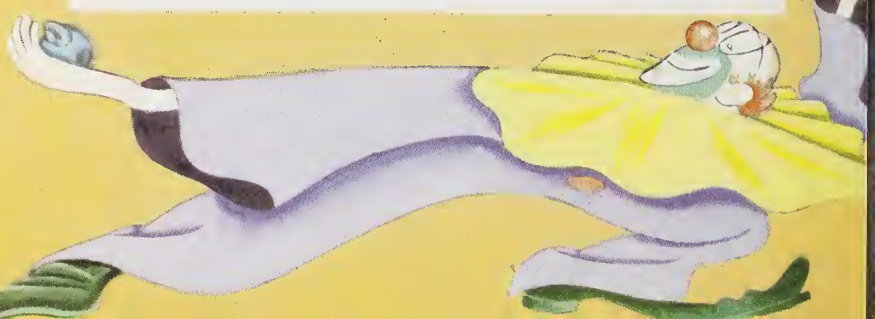
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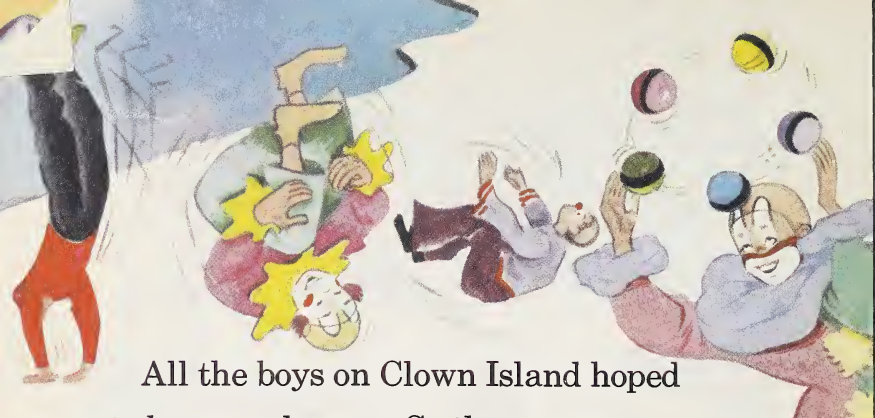




The Story of a Clown

Once upon a time, all clowns lived on a small island far out in the sea. It was called Clown Island.

Clown Island was a very gay place because everyone there was always trying to be funny.



All the boys on Clown Island hoped to become clowns. So they went to Clown School to learn the things that clowns must do.

Every boy learned how to juggle things. In Clown School you might see a boy catching balls, pans, apples, or anything else that he could throw into the air.

The boys learned how to turn somersaults. Some of the best clowns could turn somersaults so fast that they looked like balls turning round and round.

Every boy had to do more than learn juggling and turning somersaults. He had to think of tricks of his own.

Each boy who went to Clown School got a report card to take home. It was not like the report card you get. Report cards from Clown School did not show how well boys did in reading and numbers.

In Clown School a boy's report card showed how good he was at juggling things and turning somersaults. The report card also showed how well he did in thinking up tricks to make people laugh.

Every boy on Clown Island worked hard. He knew that if he became a good clown, he would get work in a good circus. If he did not become a good clown, he would have to stay on the island.

Learning to juggle five or six balls was hard, and so was learning to turn one somersault after another. But the hardest thing of all was to think up funny tricks that would make people laugh.



One of the boys who went to Clown School was named Eemi.

Eemi was a fine juggler. His report card always said, "Juggling — very good." There was no better juggler on Clown Island.

Eemi was good also at turning somersaults. His report card said, "Somersaults — very good." No one could turn somersaults faster than Eemi.

But Eemi was not good at thinking up tricks and jokes of his own. It made him feel bad to read on his report card, "Tricks and jokes — poor." It made his father and mother feel bad, too.

"I will try harder," Eemi promised.

Day after day Eemi juggled balls, pans, hats, caps, shoes, or anything else that he could throw into the air and catch.

Day after day he turned somersaults.

And day after day he tried to think up some funny tricks and jokes.

Every day his mother would ask, "Did you do well in school today, Eemi?"

Always Eemi would answer, "I did well in juggling and in turning somersaults."

"Did you think up any good jokes or tricks?" his father would ask.

"Not today," Eemi would say. "But I'll work harder so that I can pass the tests at the end of the year."

Eemi was sure he could pass the tests in juggling and in turning somersaults. But he was afraid of the test in thinking up tricks and jokes of his own.

And every clown had to pass that test.

The day before the tests were to be given, a letter came to Clown School. It was from the owner of the biggest circus in the whole world. The letter said:

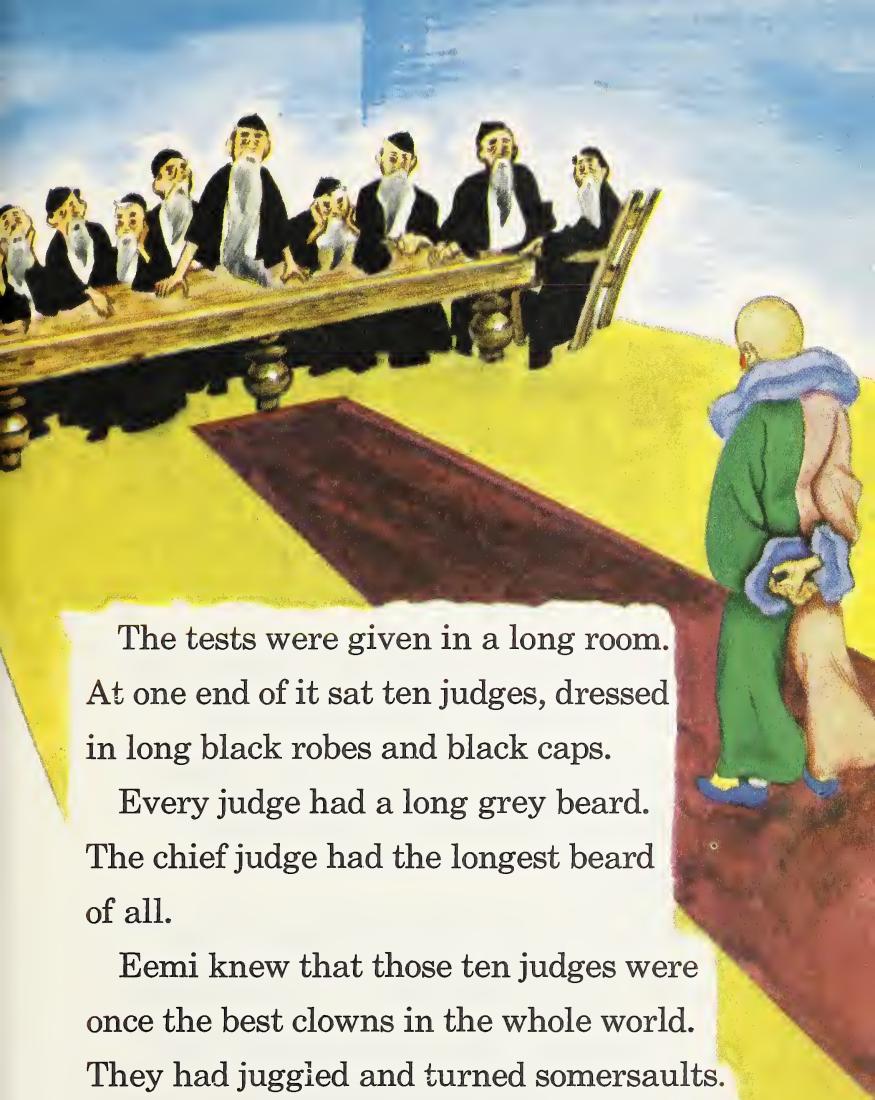
"I am looking for the best clown in the whole world. There is a place for him in my circus. Send him to me when you find him."

That was just the place Eemi wanted.

He smiled as he thought of being a clown in the biggest circus in the whole world. People would watch him juggle things and turn somersaults. How they would laugh at his tricks and jokes!

All at once the smile left Eemi's face.

"What if I don't pass the test in thinking up jokes and tricks of my own?" he said to himself. "If I don't pass, I'll have to stay here on Clown Island and do work that is no fun at all."



The tests were given in a long room. At one end of it sat ten judges, dressed in long black robes and black caps.

Every judge had a long grey beard. The chief judge had the longest beard of all.

Eemi knew that those ten judges were once the best clowns in the whole world. They had juggled and turned somersaults. They knew what it took to make a good joke or a good trick.

The tests began on Monday morning.

When Eemi's turn came, he walked quickly to the front of the room, bowed, and faced the ten judges. He could see that they had kindly faces behind their long beards.

He had no trouble in passing the tests in juggling and turning somersaults. But when he tried to think up a trick or a joke, his mind seemed to stand still. He couldn't think of anything at all.

The judges wanted Eemi to pass the test. They put their ten heads together and whispered through their ten grey beards. Then the judge with the longest beard called Eemi.

"We want you to pass this test, Eemi," he said. "This is Monday. You may have until Thursday. But you had better look around now for some useful work to choose if you don't pass the test on Thursday."



Eemi didn't like to think of staying on the island, but he did as he was told. On that very Monday he went to a bakery.

The baker was taking loaf after loaf of good-smelling bread out of the oven.

"Do you bake bread every Monday?" Eemi asked as the last loaf came out.

"Yes," said the baker. "Most people want a loaf or two of fresh bread on Monday. They want cream puffs, too. I'm going to make cream puffs now. How about helping me?"

"I'll be glad to help make cream puffs," said Eemi. "I could work until Thursday. I try my test again on Thursday."

Eemi made cream puffs all the rest of that Monday. By night he had made more cream puffs than he could count.

As he was taking the last pan of puffs from the oven, the pan almost fell.

Eemi caught the puffs quickly, but they were too hot to hold. He began to juggle them. Then, one by one, he put them onto the table.

The baker couldn't believe his eyes. Not even one cream puff fell to the floor.

"A clever trick!" he cried. "Very clever."

All at once Eemi had a happy thought. "May I have ten cream puffs?" he asked.

"Twice ten," said the baker. "And take a loaf of fresh bread to your mother."

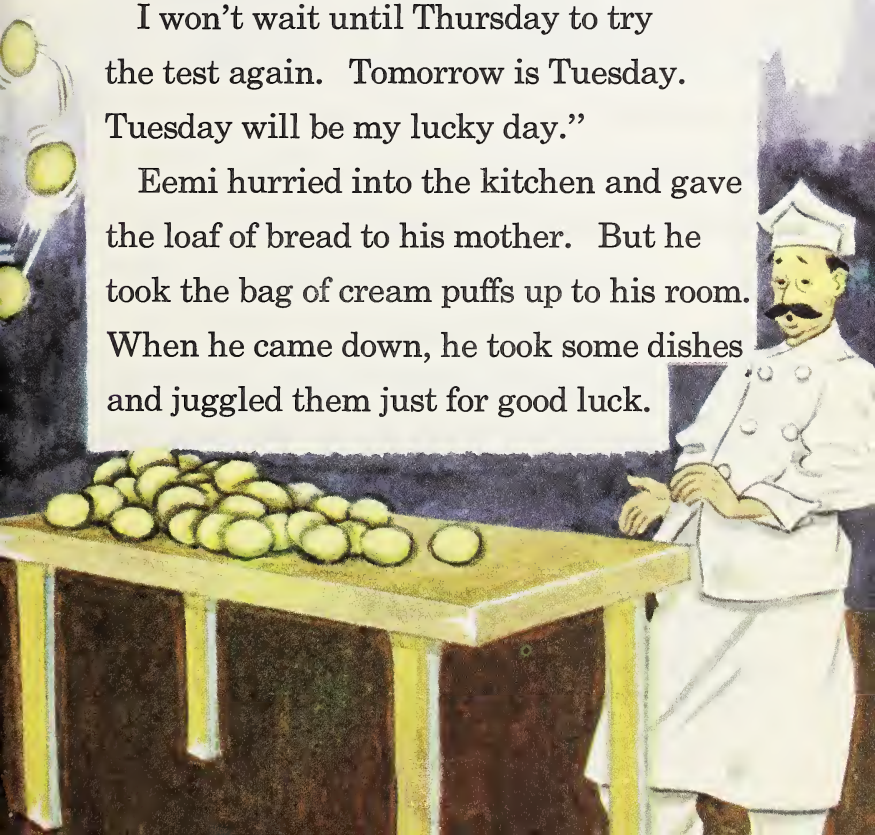


All the way home that Monday night Eemi thought how clever it would be to juggle cream puffs before the judges.

"I'll juggle puffs above their heads," he said to himself. "Their ten beards will stand out like ten brooms as they watch me. They will be sure to send me to the biggest circus in the whole world.

I won't wait until Thursday to try the test again. Tomorrow is Tuesday. Tuesday will be my lucky day."

Eemi hurried into the kitchen and gave the loaf of bread to his mother. But he took the bag of cream puffs up to his room. When he came down, he took some dishes and juggled them just for good luck.



"Son, you passed your tests, didn't you?" his mother cried.

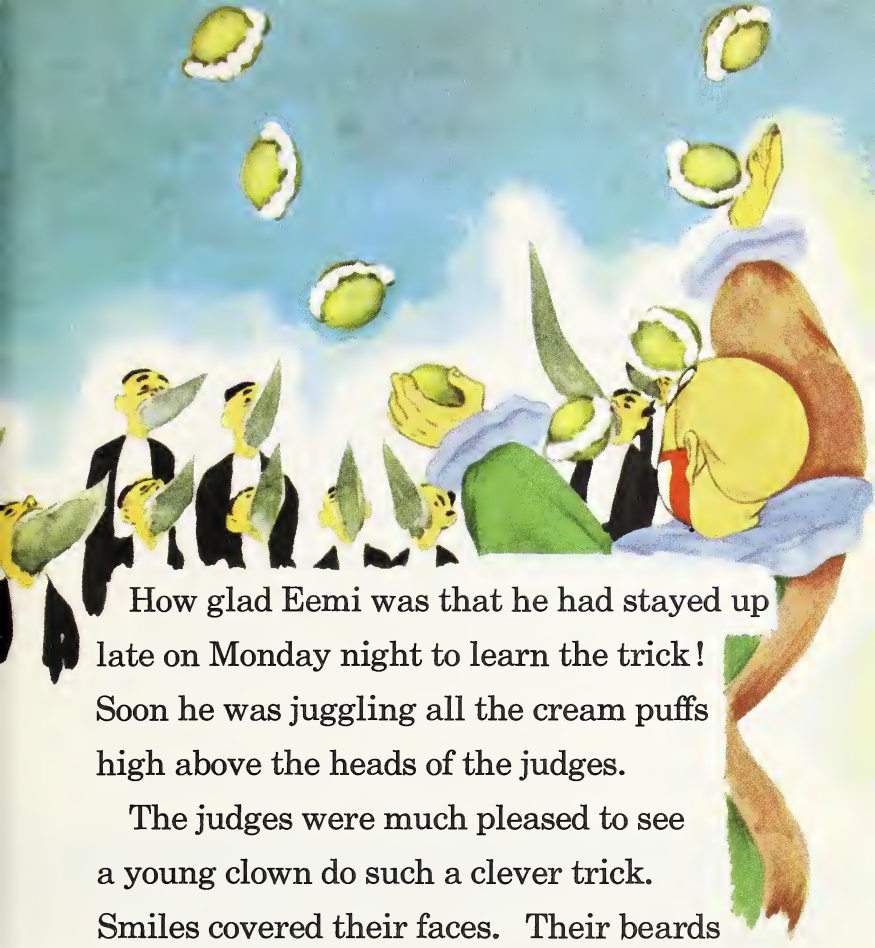
"No, but I will tomorrow," said Eemi. "Monday didn't bring good luck, but I'll have good luck tomorrow. Tuesday will be my lucky day. I have thought up the cleverest trick in the whole world."

On Tuesday morning Eemi took the bag of cream puffs and went to the testing room. As he opened the door, he saw the line of black robes and grey beards at the other end of the room.

Eemi turned a somersault at the door and kept on turning somersaults until he was standing before the judges.

"Today is only Tuesday," Eemi said. "Do I have to wait until Thursday to show you the clever trick I thought up on Monday?"

"No," said the judge who had the longest beard. "Tuesday is as good as Thursday. Go ahead."



How glad Eemi was that he had stayed up late on Monday night to learn the trick! Soon he was juggling all the cream puffs high above the heads of the judges.

The judges were much pleased to see a young clown do such a clever trick. Smiles covered their faces. Their beards stood out like brooms as their eyes followed the flying puffs.

"I am the cleverest young clown in the whole world," thought Eemi. "Tuesday is surely my lucky day."

Eemi turned his head to look at the judges. That was bad, but he found it out too late. His left hand was too late to catch a puff. His right hand was too late. Then both were too late.

One after another, the cream puffs fell into the faces and beards of the judges.

"Do you call this a clever joke?" shouted the chief judge as he pulled a cream puff out of his beard. "Even a young clown should have better sense."

Eemi's good luck was gone. It was too late to get it back. "Oh, dear! Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" he cried as he ran out the door.



Eemi kept on running to the very end of the island. There he sat down and put his head in his hands. He was very unhappy.

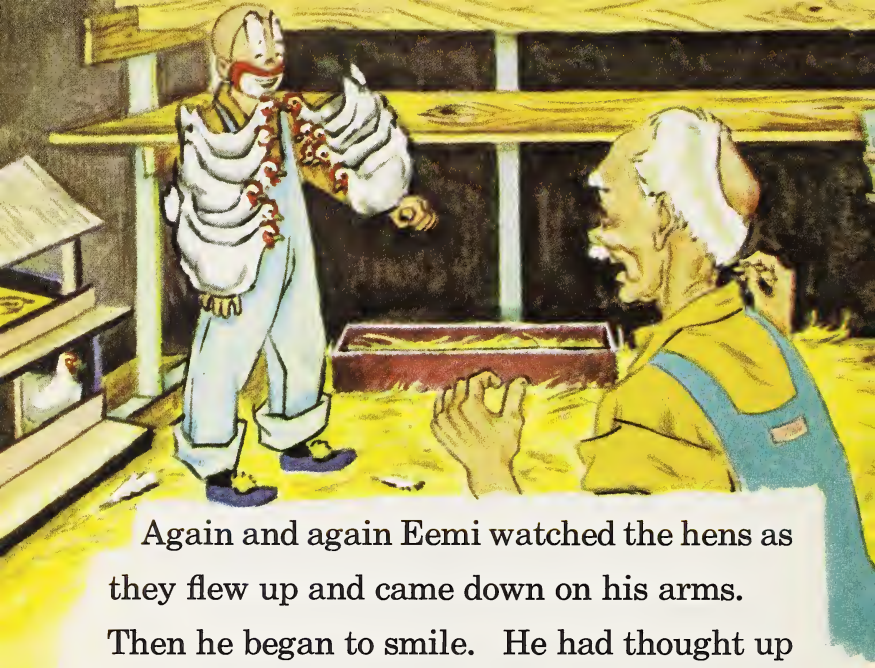
"Oh, dear! Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" he cried. "This morning the whole world seemed gay. Then my clever trick went all wrong. Tuesday isn't my lucky day at all."

Some time later Eemi looked up and saw a farmer working in a field.

"Farming is useful work," he thought. "I guess I can learn to feed horses and pigs and hens. I won't have to be clever to do that. I'd better try it."

The farmer was glad to have help. He had Eemi clean out the barn and the hen house. Then he told Eemi to feed the hens. Eemi liked that work.

The hens were so friendly they flew up and sat on Eemi's arms. If he tried to throw them off, they flew up and then came right down and sat on his arms again.



Again and again Eemi watched the hens as they flew up and came down on his arms. Then he began to smile. He had thought up a clever trick to try on Wednesday.

"Please, Mr. Farmer, may I have a bag?" asked Eemi. Then he whispered something into the farmer's ear.

"Surely!" said the farmer and smiled.

Late that night Eemi started home with the bag. The farmer waved to him and called, "Good luck to you, Eemi!"

"Thanks," said Eemi. "I'm sure that Wednesday will be my lucky day."

Eemi was careful not to make any noise as he went upstairs with the bag. He went right to bed and slept well.

As daylight was coming on Wednesday, Eemi's father and mother began to hear strange sounds from Eemi's room overhead. They heard the sounds of somersaults and also something like the sound of wings.

Eemi was late to breakfast, but he looked so happy, his mother didn't mind.

"Tuesday was your lucky day," she said.

"Tuesday was unlucky," said Eemi. "But Wednesday will be lucky. I'll show the judges what a clever young clown I am. I have the best trick in the whole world."

Right after breakfast he got his bag and started off. As he went out the front gate, his mother and father waved to him and called, "Good luck to you, Eemi!"

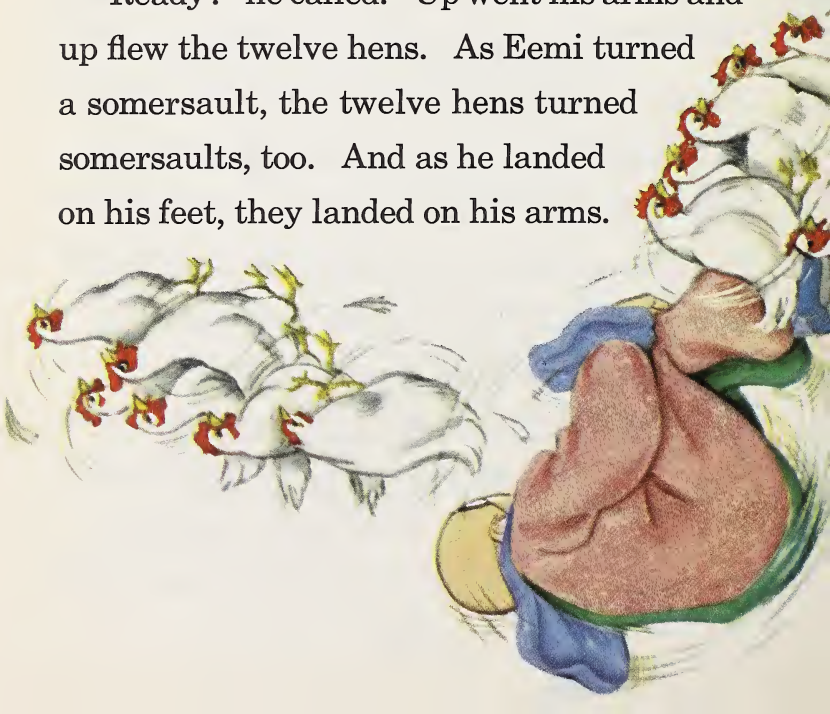
"Wednesday will be my lucky day," he called back.

The judges were surprised when Eemi opened the door that Wednesday morning. After his poor joke on Tuesday, they thought he might never come back to try tests again.

Other young clowns were taking tests, so Eemi waited at the door for his turn.

When it came, he opened the bag and out flew twelve hens. Then he stretched out his arms and six hens flew up and sat on each arm. They all sat very still.

"Ready!" he called. Up went his arms and up flew the twelve hens. As Eemi turned a somersault, the twelve hens turned somersaults, too. And as he landed on his feet, they landed on his arms.



All the way from the back to the front of the room, Eemi and the twelve hens did their clever trick. Now they were almost in front of the judges. One more somersault would be enough.

Up flew the twelve hens. As Eemi made the last turn, he took a quick look between his legs to see if the judges looked pleased. Bad luck followed.

Eemi landed on his back and rolled under the table. Before he could roll out, the twelve hens came down. Eemi's arms were not waiting for them. He was too late.

The hens didn't know what to do. They flew this way and that. At last they flew into the beards of the judges. Maybe the hens thought that the beards were nests.

Eemi looked out from under the table. His eyes got big and his mouth flew open. There the twelve hens sat on the beards of the judges, as if they were on nests.

The hens must have thought the beards were nests, and they knew what nests are for. In no time at all they laid twelve eggs.

"Eemi! Eemi!" the chief judge shouted. "What kind of joke is this? These hens have laid eggs in our beards! Get them out before the eggs are broken."

Eemi rolled out from under the table, but he was too late. As the twelve hens flew off the nests, they broke every egg that they had laid.

Eemi saw the broken eggs running down the judges' beards and robes. "Oh, dear! Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" he cried as he ran from the room. Wednesday, too, was unlucky.



Eemi ran home crying, "Oh, dear! Oh, dear! Oh, dear!" every step of the way. Wednesday had been even more unlucky than Tuesday.

Eemi's father went back and got the twelve hens so that Eemi could return them to the farmer as he had promised.

"Did you have good luck?" the farmer asked.

"No, I had bad luck," said Eemi. "I fell down and the hens got frightened.

They flew into the beards of the judges and laid eggs there as they would in nests. The eggs broke and ran all over the judges' beards and robes.

The judges said that wasn't a clever joke. They said that a young clown should have more sense than to play bad jokes on them."

That Wednesday night Eemi's father said, "Thursday is the last day of the test, Son. If you don't pass the test, you must ask the judges to give you the paper that will show you what work you are to do."

Eemi's bad luck on Tuesday and Wednesday had made him too unhappy to try any tests on Thursday. He made up his mind to go to the judges, choose some useful work, and ask for his working paper.

Eemi called his dog when he was ready to start. He would feel better if he had the little dog trotting along by his side.

"What shall I choose?" he asked himself as he took the first step.

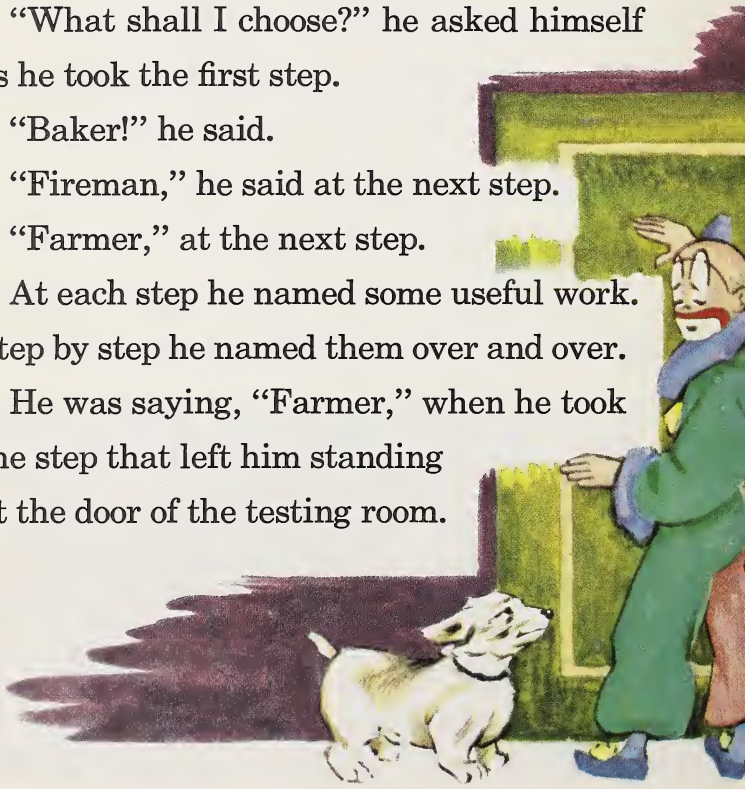
"Baker!" he said.

"Fireman," he said at the next step.

"Farmer," at the next step.

At each step he named some useful work. Step by step he named them over and over.

He was saying, "Farmer," when he took the step that left him standing at the door of the testing room.



Eemi opened the door and stepped inside.

He saw all the boys who had taken tests. Those who had passed had report cards that said, "Passed." All the rest had working papers. Each paper showed the work that the boy was to do.

Eemi stood silent on the long carpet that ran from the door to the judges' table. The little dog waited quietly.

"What now, Eemi?" the chief judge asked. "Do you want to try the test again? If you do, don't try any jokes such as you played on Tuesday and Wednesday."

Eemi was thinking hard just how to tell the judges that he would choose farming and how to ask for his working paper. He was so frightened that when he opened his mouth no sound came out.

"Come here, Eemi!" called the chief judge.

As Eemi took the first step, his foot caught in the carpet. Down he fell.

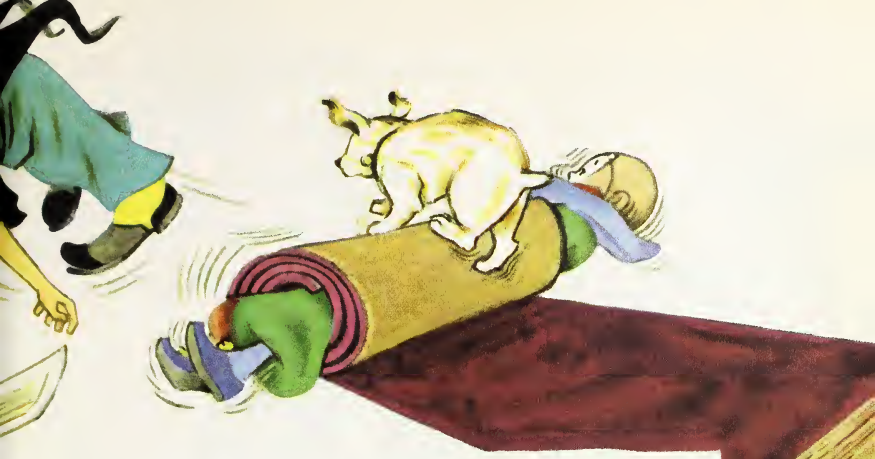


He tried to get up, but again the carpet caught his foot. As he fell, he started to roll. One hand caught the carpet and pulled it around him as he rolled over.

The little dog thought Eemi was playing. It jumped on top of the carpet roll.

Over and over Eemi rolled, and always the little dog stayed on top of the carpet. The harder Eemi tried to stop, the faster the carpet rolled on.

The rolling carpet hit the young clowns and knocked them down like pins in a game of tenpins. Report cards flew all around. On went the carpet until it hit the table where the judges sat.



When the rolling carpet hit the table,
Eemi tried to get up, but he fell back
and started to roll to the door.
Faster and faster went the rolling carpet
with the little dog right on top of it.

It hit the line of boys who were holding
their working papers, and over they went
like the pins in a game of tenpins.
The papers flew into the air.

Through the door and into the street
the carpet rolled with the little dog
riding on top of it. Then across the street
it rolled and bounced until it was stopped
by a fence.

Poor Eemi! What an unhappy ending for all his hopes! Everything had gone wrong. Bad luck was following him.

On Monday he thought up a clever trick.

On Tuesday he covered the faces and beards of the judges with cream puffs.

On Wednesday the hens laid eggs in the beards of the judges.

Now, on Thursday, he wasn't trying to be clever, but bad luck was still after him.

There was only one thing left to do.

Eemi pulled himself out of the roll of carpet and went back to the judges to ask for his working paper.

He was surprised to find them talking and laughing. He was surprised, also, when the chief judge smiled at him and handed him a long roll of paper.

"Best wishes, Eemi!" said the chief judge.

Eemi took the paper and stood silent.

"My working paper," he thought.





"Read it," said the chief judge.

Eemi unrolled the paper. Across the front of it in large letters was the word PASSED.

"Your carpet trick surprised us, Eemi," said the chief judge. "Surely it is the funniest trick in the whole world. Tomorrow you will get on a boat and go to the biggest circus in the whole world."

Eemi could hardly believe his eyes or his ears, but at last he remembered to bow politely and thank the judges.

The next morning all the people on Clown Island were at the boat to see Eemi off and to wish him good luck. Even the judges in their black robes were there.

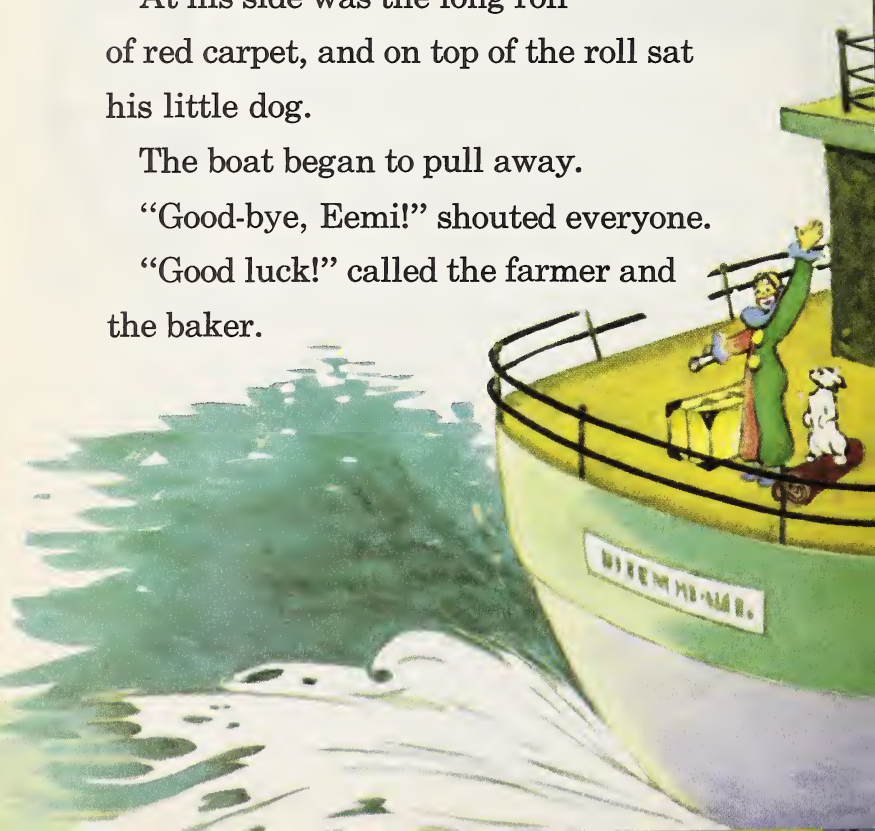
Eemi went on board and stood where all could see him. In his hand was the roll of paper that said, "Passed."

At his side was the long roll of red carpet, and on top of the roll sat his little dog.

The boat began to pull away.

"Good-bye, Eemi!" shouted everyone.

"Good luck!" called the farmer and the baker.



Too Much Washing

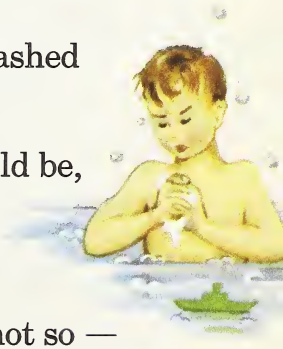
Said little Billy Ball one day,
"When I'm no longer small,
I'll go somewhere that's far away
And never wash at all.





I wash my hands; I wash my feet,
My face, my arms, my hair.
Someday I'll wash myself away
Until I'm only air.

I think that Father's hair was washed
Too much when he was small,
For on his head, where hair should be,
There is no hair at all.





But Mother says this is not so —
That washing is not bad —
For look how well her hair has grown
From washings it has had."



The Queer Apron

Once upon a time there was a Little Old Woman. She lived in a little yellow house with a blue door and two blue window boxes. Pretty flowers were growing in both window boxes.

All around her neat and tidy house was a blue fence. Inside the fence was the Little Old Woman's garden. All kinds of good things to eat were growing there.

It seemed as if anything the Little Old Woman's fingers touched was sure to grow. People said that her fingers were like magic in a garden.

The Little Old Woman could do more than just grow things in her garden. She could think.

She called this thinking "using her head." She often said, "What is the good of having a head if you don't use it?"

Whenever the Little Old Woman had any trouble, she would use her head to find out what to do.

She didn't think in the same way that you or I would. Not at all! She had a very different way of thinking.

This is the way she used her head to think:

First, she tied a wet rag around her head. Then she sat down, touched the tip of her first finger to her nose, and shut her eyes.

With one finger touching her nose and with her eyes shut, she would begin to think. She would think and think until she knew what to do.





One morning the Little Old Woman started to tie on her apron. There was a large hole in the front of it. Once the hole had been no bigger than the end of her finger. Now there was more hole than apron.

It was plain to the old woman that she needed a new apron. She could see that, even with her eyes shut. But she had no money to buy one. She was very poor.

"I could make an apron if I had some money to buy cloth," she thought. "Now is the time to use my head."

So she tied a wet rag around her head. Then she touched the tip of her first finger to her nose and shut her eyes. She sat and thought and thought with her eyes shut and her fingers touching her nose.

Soon it was plain to her that there was something that she could do.

"Why, it's all plain to me now," she said. "All I needed to do was use my head a little.

I will look in the bag where I keep my pieces of cloth. I may find a piece that is big enough for an apron."

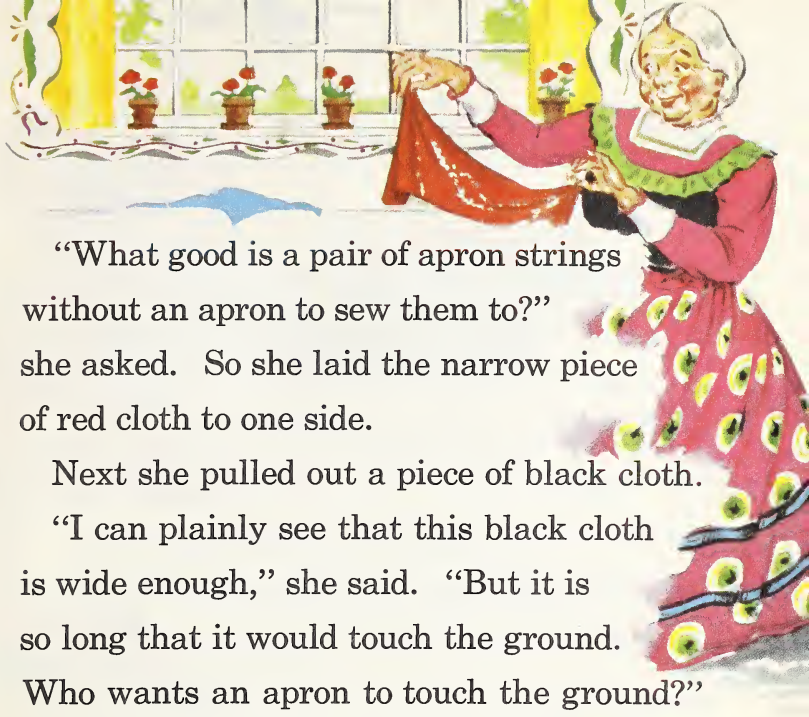
The Little Old Woman got out the bag in which she kept her pieces of cloth.

The first piece that her fingers touched was blue. But it was no larger than an apron pocket.

"This blue cloth would make a fine pocket for an apron," she said. "But what good is an apron pocket without an apron?"

She laid it to one side and pulled out a piece of red cloth. It was a long piece, but it was only as wide as a necktie.

"This red cloth is just wide enough for a pair of apron strings," she said. "It is long enough to make a pair that will tie behind me."



"What good is a pair of apron strings without an apron to sew them to?" she asked. So she laid the narrow piece of red cloth to one side.

Next she pulled out a piece of black cloth.

"I can plainly see that this black cloth is wide enough," she said. "But it is so long that it would touch the ground. Who wants an apron to touch the ground?"

So she also laid aside the black cloth. Then she took a purple piece from the bag.

"I should like a purple apron very much," she said. "This piece is not too wide and not too narrow. But I can plainly see that it is too short. I couldn't use an apron as short as that."

So the Little Old Woman also laid the purple cloth aside.



The Little Old Woman pulled out other pieces, one by one.

Some were too wide, some were too narrow. Some were too long, and some were too short. Not one piece was just the right size for an apron.

At last there was just one piece left. It was yellow with green dots.

"I hope that I can use this piece for my apron," said the Little Old Woman. "It's not too wide, and it's not too narrow. It's not too long, but it does seem a little short.

However, if I cut and sew it carefully, I think I can make a fine apron out of it."

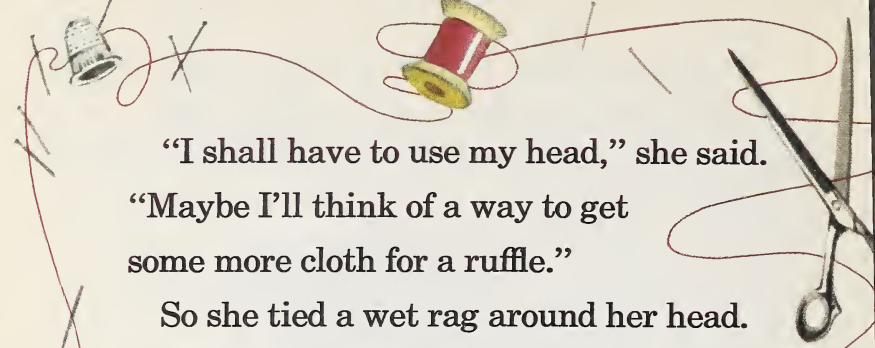
So the Little Old Woman took her scissors and cut out the apron very carefully. She made it as large as she could from the cloth that she had.

Then with her scissors she cut the pocket from the blue cloth. Next, she took the long, narrow piece of cloth. From it she cut a pair of apron strings to sew onto the apron.

She pinned them all together. Then she tied the apron on to see how it would look.

"It's wide enough, but it's a little short," she said to herself. "I need another piece of cloth just like this one to make a ruffle to sew onto the bottom. I like ruffles.

But where am I to get another piece of yellow cloth with green dots in it for a ruffle? The ruffle must match the rest of the apron."



"I shall have to use my head," she said. "Maybe I'll think of a way to get some more cloth for a ruffle."

So she tied a wet rag around her head. Then she touched her nose with the tip of her first finger and shut her eyes.

She used her head and used her head.

Soon she knew where she could get a ruffle to sew onto the bottom of the apron.

"First I'll cut a narrow piece off the top of the apron with my scissors. Then I'll make it into a ruffle and sew it onto the bottom of the apron. That will make the apron longer.

What a wise old woman I am!"

So she took her scissors and cut a narrow piece off the top of the apron. She made this narrow piece into a ruffle. Then she sewed the ruffle onto the bottom of the apron.

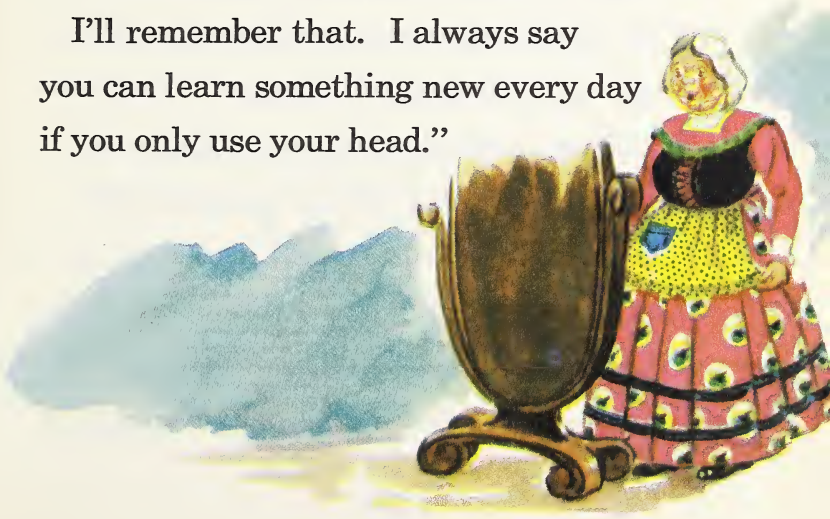
Next she sewed on the blue pocket.

She took the pair of narrow strings that she had cut from the red cloth. She sewed on the pair of strings so that she could tie the apron on.

When the apron was all finished, the Little Old Woman tried it on. She stood before the looking glass as she tied the apron strings.

"Dear me! The apron is shorter than ever," she said. "It's plain to me now that sewing a narrow ruffle on the bottom of an apron makes it shorter.

I'll remember that. I always say you can learn something new every day if you only use your head."



Many words have more than one meaning.

What part of a man do you mean when you talk about his head?

What do you mean by the word **head** when you talk about the head of a bed?

What is the other end of a bed called?

What do you mean by the word **head** when you talk about the head of a pin?

What is the other end of a pin called?

What do you mean by the head of a parade or the head of a line?

How many different meanings of the word **foot** can you think of?

Which part of a stairway is called the foot of the stairs? What part of a tree is called the foot of it?

You know that the word **chop** means cut.

When a man says he chops down a tree, you know he means that he cuts it down.

The word **chop** may also mean a kind of food, such as a lamb chop.

Have you ever eaten lamb chops?

What other chops have you eaten?

Do you know a Chinese food that has the word **chop** in its name?

The word **run** has many meanings that you know and use.

When you run, you use your legs and your feet to get from one place to another.

What does water do when it runs?

What does a watch do when it runs?

What would you do to run a rope through a big ring?

What does a man do to run a car?

What do you mean by the word **run** when you say that a road runs by a house?

What different meanings can you give for each of these words?

spring watch trunk box match light

Useful Endings

The ending **ful** is one that you will often find in your reading.

The word **careful** is made by adding the ending **ful** to the word **care.**

How is the word **useful** made?

When you are being careful, do you take some care, or no care at all?

Most birds are useful. Does that mean that they do some good or no good?

Look at each of the following words and be ready to tell how it is made:

helpful thoughtful handful mouthful

Can a car be helpful? How?

Can a car be thoughtful? Why or why not?

Should you ever try to talk with a mouthful of food? Why not?

Is a handful of sand enough to fill a sandbox?

One of the most useful endings is **er**. When the ending **er** is added to **farm**, it makes the word **farmer**.

You know that a farmer is a man who works on a farm or runs a farm.

How is the word **teacher** made? What does a teacher do?

How is the word **banker** made? Where does a banker work? What does a banker do?

How is each of these words made?

reader **printer** **sleeper** **player**
catcher **waiter** **keeper** **painter**

How many meanings can you think of for the word **reader**?

What does a printer do?

Is a catcher a ball player?

What does the keeper of a zoo do?

If you wanted someone to bring your dinner to you, which one would you ask, a painter, a sleeper, or a waiter?



Our Friend, the Catbird

Have you ever heard a bird that sounded like a cat? There is a bird that can make a noise just like the meow of a cat. That bird is called the catbird.

The catbird doesn't always sound like a cat. Often he makes real music. He can also give the birdcalls of other birds. Then you have to see him to be sure that you hear a catbird.

A catbird seems to be all grey. However, if you can get a good look at one, you can see a black cap. Sometimes you can see some red under the tail.

In the spring, mother and father catbird look for a good place to build a nest. They like to build their nest where it can't be seen without looking for it.



The nest holds from three to six eggs. After the mother catbird has laid the eggs in the nest, the father catbird will sometimes take a turn sitting on them.

When the young catbirds have come from the eggs, there is a noisy time. The young birds call for food, and mother and father catbird work hard filling the wide mouths of their young.



Catbirds are curious about people. Often they will follow a man along a road just as if they want to find out where he is going.

They are curious about noises, too. If they hear a strange noise, they soon go to find out what is happening.

Catbirds make fine music all spring. They also eat things that might hurt gardens. That is why people like to have them around.



The Magic Glasses

One day the Little Old Woman was working in her garden when a man came by.

On his back he carried a large bag filled with things he wanted to sell. He tapped on the gate.

"May I sell you something today?" he asked. "I have a large number of useful things. Do you need any pencils, pins, scissors, matches, or string?

I also have some playthings. Would you like balloons, kites, or toy scissors to give to boys or girls?"

"No," said the Little Old Woman. "I have very little money. It is all I can do to buy enough to eat and drink."

"How about aprons, pans, or pails?" he went on.

"No," she said. "I need my money to buy the things I can't grow. Today I must go to the store to get a loaf of bread and some other things to eat. I can't buy anything from you."

"How about some new glasses?" he asked.

"I don't need glasses," said the Little Old Woman.

"But these glasses are different," said the man. "They work like magic. They make everything look ten times as large as before."

"Why should I want things to look ten times as large as before?" she asked.

"Why, the larger things are, the better you can see them," he said.

"I've never thought of that," she said. "But what you say must be true."

"Put the glasses on and see for yourself," said the man.

"I guess it won't hurt to try them," said the Little Old Woman slowly. "But remember, I am not going to buy them."

"Just as you say," said the man.

He opened his bag and carefully took out the magic glasses. The Little Old Woman put them on and looked at her garden.

She could hardly believe her eyes. Her garden looked ten times as large as before.



"How my garden has grown!"
cried the Little Old Woman.
"How plainly I can see everything!
This is a very fine pair of glasses!"

"I will sell them for very little money,"
said the man. "I am sure that they would
come in very handy."

It didn't take the Little Old Woman long
to make up her mind.

"That is just what I was thinking!"
she said. "Wait right here. I'll get
the money." She hurried into the house
and got the money for the pair of glasses
from her cooky jar.

After the man had gone, she said
to herself, "I should like to look
at the garden through these glasses again.
But first I must go to the store to buy
what I need."



Soon she was ready to go to the store. She said, "I will take the glasses with me and wear them while I am buying food. If I see things plainly, maybe I'll get more for my money."

So the Little Old Woman put the new pair of glasses into her pocket. When she got to the store, she put them on again.

"What fine rolls you have today!" she said to the storekeeper. "Each one is as large as a loaf of bread. I will buy one roll. I won't need a loaf of bread today."

The storekeeper got one roll for her.

"What large lamb chops you have today!" she said. "One chop is almost as large as a leg of lamb. I will need only one chop. That will last me a long time."

The storekeeper got one lamb chop for her.

Then the storekeeper got some paper and tied up the chop and the roll for her.

When the Little Old Woman got home, she started to get her dinner.

First she looked at the roll. "This roll is as big as a loaf of bread," she said, "I will cut off a piece and leave the rest for tomorrow."

After she had cut a piece off the roll, she put the rest of it into her bread box. Then she looked at the chop.

"This chop is also too large," she said. "I will cut off a piece and leave the rest for tomorrow."

So she cut a piece off the chop and put away the rest of it for the next day.



When her lamb chop was done, the Little Old Woman buttered the piece of roll. She took off her glasses and put them away carefully. Then she sat down to eat her dinner.

She looked at the piece of buttered roll. It looked very small. She looked at the piece she had cut from the lamb chop. It looked very small, too.

"Well!" she said. "What has happened to my dinner? This won't fill me up. There is not enough here to feed a goldfish."

She began to look around because she thought part of her dinner was gone.

She looked under the dishes. She even looked under her chair. But she couldn't find any more food.

"This is very strange!" she said. "Something must be wrong!"

The Little Old Woman looked all around again. Then she said, "I must use my head to find out what happened to the rest of my dinner. I'm sure it hasn't gone far."

So she tied a wet rag around her head and touched the tip of her first finger to her nose. Then she shut her eyes and thought and thought.

Soon she knew what to do.

"What a silly old woman I am!" she said. "How can I find my dinner when I can't see plainly? I must put on my new pair of glasses!"



The Little Old Woman got her new glasses and put them on. Then she started to look for her dinner. She didn't have to look far. There it was, as plain as it could be, right on the table.

As she began to eat her dinner, she said, "I was very wise to put on my new glasses. Now I see my dinner very plainly. What a fine big dinner it is! Now I'm afraid I can't eat all of it!"





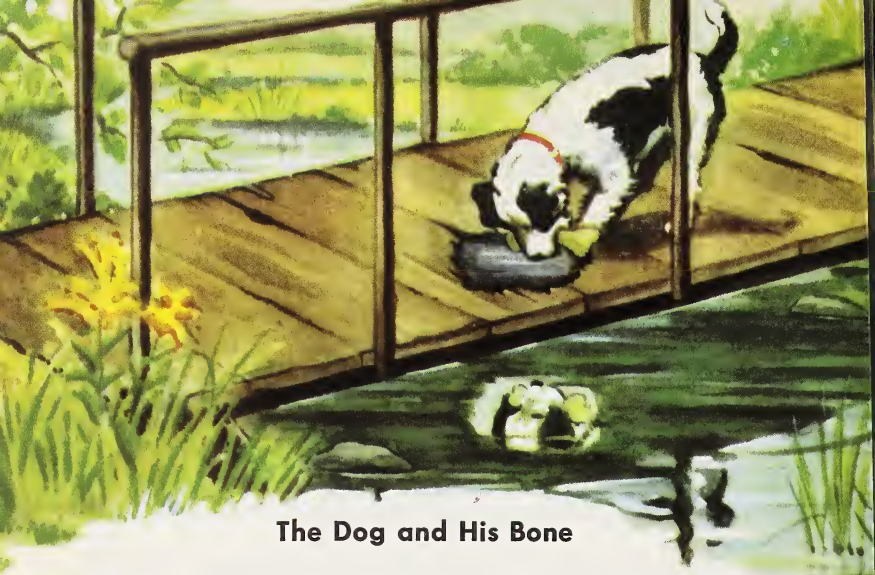
Cutting Up

When I can't go outdoors to play,
My scissors pass the time away.
My scissors cut out what I wish —
A crocodile, an owl, a fish.

I like to cut out little zoos
With zebras, monkeys, kangaroos.
I have a sheep, a horse, a calf,
An ostrich, and a big giraffe.

Soon I'll have a big parade
Of circus horses that I've made.
What fun to see them passing by,
Gayly trotting, heads up high!

Now I am sure that you can see
What fun my scissors give to me.
And now you know what mine can do,
Why not get out your scissors, too?



The Dog and His Bone

Once there was a dog that liked bones very much. He liked bones so much that he did nothing all day long but look for bones.

One day he was taking home a bone which he had found. Everything went well until he came to a bridge.

There was a hole between two boards on the bridge. Through the hole he could see the water. In the water he saw himself and his bone. He thought he was seeing another dog with a big bone.



The dog pushed himself through the hole between the boards. One bone was not enough for him. He wanted both bones. Into the water he fell. And as he fell, he let go of his bone.

Quickly he put his head under the water to get back his bone. He couldn't find it. Then he looked around for the other dog and the other bone. He couldn't find them.

Now the silly dog had no bone at all. He kept putting his head as far under the water as he could, trying to find his own bone. Still he couldn't find it.

At last two boys came across the bridge. They saw that the silly dog was about to drown. Between them they pulled the dog to land.

Sometimes it is better to be happy with what you have than to want more.

Working with Words

Making Words

Take **w** away from **wide.**

Put in **sl** to make **slide.**

Let's make a wide slide.

We can make a wide slide on the hill by the fire station.

Add **pl** to **ate.** Now you have **plate.**

We used paper plates when we ate at the picnic on Saturday.

Add **d** to **ate.** Now you have **date.**

We ate the dates my uncle gave us.

Take **p** away from **pin.**

Put in **th** and you have **thin.**

Have you ever seen anyone as thin as a pin?

Shut and **sheep** begin with the sound of **sh.** Listen for the sound of **sh** as you say **shut** and **sheep.** Shut the gate and keep the sheep out of the garden.

Often you can learn a new word by using good sense and the beginning sound of the new word.

Try it on the words with very black letters in the following lines. Some of those words may be new to you.

One **rainy** day Eddie's mother had to go to the post office to mail a letter she had **written.** She asked Eddie to look after the house while she was gone.

Eddie likes to make up stories about things that never happen. He **decided** that it would be fun to tell his mother a story when she returned home!

When Eddie's mother got home, she asked him **whether** anyone had called. Eddie said, "A clown came to the door and asked for a glass of water to **cure** his hiccups!"

"Did that cure them?" asked his mother.

"No, it didn't," **replied** Eddie. "Then we

tried other things. He jumped ten times without stopping. That did no good.

"Then he held his **breath** for as long as he could. He still had the hiccups.

"Next I gave him some **crackers** to eat. Even that didn't **fix** them.

"The fifth thing he tried was a real circus **stunt**. He turned somersaults, but that didn't work.

"**Finally** he said he'd try running, and he ran right down the street and didn't come back!"

Eddie's mother had been listening with a smile on her face. "What did this clown look like?" she asked.

"Well," said Eddie, "he had on a violet-colored hat, and he **wore** large green mittens!"

"Why, I saw him too," said Eddie's mother. "He ran **past** me as I came up the street."

Eddie didn't know what to think. Do you?

Look at these pairs of words.

dirty	**funny**	**lucky**	**silly**
dirtier	**funnier**	**luckier**	**sillier**

When the ending **er** is added to some words ending in **y**, **i** is used in place of the **y**.

Now look at these pairs of words.

handy	**tricky**	**sleepy**	**tidy**
handiest	**trickiest**	**sleepiest**	**tidiest**

When the ending **est** is added to some words ending in **y**, **i** is used in place of the **y**.

What word was used in making each of the following words? What letter was used in place of **y**? What letters were added?

angrier	**hungrier**	**merrier**	**prettier**
happiest	**silliest**	**merriest**	**prettiest**

In many words **i** is used in place of **y** before the ending **es.**

Look at the word **puppies.** Take off the ending **es.** Now put **y** in place of the **i,** and you have **puppy.**

What word was used to make each of the following words? What letter was used in place of **y**? What letters were added?

cookies ladies parties stories

Look at the words **carry** and **carried.** When the ending **ed** is added to some words ending in **y, i** is used in place of the **y.**

What word does **cried** come from? Take off the ending **ed.** Put **y** in place of the **i,** and you have **cry.**

Start with **hurried.** Take off the ending **ed.** Put **y** in place of the **i,** and you have **hurry.**

Take the ending **ed** from the word **tried.** Put **y** in place of the **i,** and you have **try.**

When you say the words **wave**, **race**, and **rope**, you cannot hear the sound of **e** at the end of the words.

Do you know why the **e** at the end of such words is called **silent e**?

When **ing** is added to words like **wave**, **race**, and **rope**, the **e** is taken off before the **ing** is added.

The words **waving**, **racing**, and **roping** are made from **wave**, **race**, and **rope**.

How are these words made?

coming **facing** **firing** **giving**

When **er** is added to words like **make**, **ride**, and **mine**, the **e** is taken off before the **er** is added. The words **maker**, **rider**, and **miner** are made in this way. How are these words made?

juggler **dancer** **joker** **user**

Words Made by Adding *ly*

Look at the word **slowly**. It is made by adding the ending **ly** to the word **slow**.

The word **lately** is made by adding the ending **ly** to the word **late**.

How were the following words made?

queerly plainly patiently quietly

Look at the word **hungrily**. It is made by putting **i** in place of the **y** in **hungry** and adding **ly**.

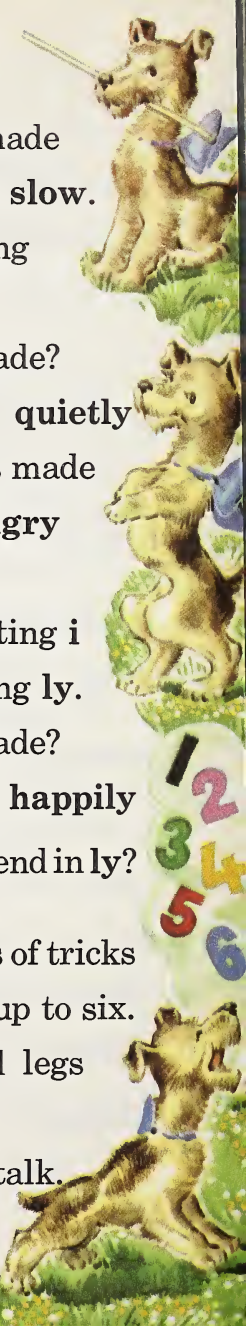
The word **luckily** is made by putting **i** in place of the **y** in **lucky** and adding **ly**.

How were the following words made?

merrily angrily prettily happily

What words in the following lines end in **ly**?

This dog that will gladly do all kinds of tricks
Has cleverly learned how to count up to six.
He lately has learned on his hind legs to walk,
And now he is merrily learning to talk.



Do you see the word **tap** in **tapped**?
How many **p's** are in **tap**?
How many **p's** are in **tapped**?

To make **tapped**, begin with **tap.**
Add another **p** and the ending **ed.**

To make **sitting**, begin with **sit.**
Add another **t** and the ending **ing.**

Tell how the words in *The Race* which have very black letters were made.

The Race

Three little rabbits were **running** a race —
And each of them hoped to be **winner**;
Two of the **runners hopped** better by far
Than the third, who was just a **beginner.**
The first one **stepped** into a very deep hole;
The second **stopped** off to eat dinner.
The third one kept **hopping** and jumping along,
And **topped** both his friends as the **winner.**



VOCABULARY

ON WE GO is planned to follow the first book for the second year, COME ALONG. It repeats each word in the vocabulary of COME ALONG, except some proper names. The names of characters in ON WE GO are not counted as new words unless the names can also be used as meaningful words. The following list contains the 216 new words introduced in ON WE GO. Variants formed by adding the ending *s*, *es*, *d*, *ed*, *ing*, *er*, *est*, *y*, or *ly* to words previously taught, and compounds formed by joining two word forms previously taught are not counted as new words. Variants formed by adding *n* or *en*, the prefix *un*, or the suffix *ful* are counted as new words until special lessons teaching the formation of such words are reached in the text. The list does not include words which are used for practice in the special lessons for developing power in phonetics and word analysis.

5. Noodle
short
6. dig
garden
7. bone
tail
8. hole
wings
9. fairy
wagging
10. shape
size
11. patter
pitter
12. fine
question
13. best
14. answer
15. miss
trotted
16. dinner
giraffe
17. neck
18. hungry
19. ——
20. ——
21. ——
22. ——
23. mumps
24. Bob
you'll
25. breakfast
twice
26. care
stairs
27. cocoa
I've
28. oatmeal
stay
29. kitchen
pan
30. drink
toast
31 goldfish
between
32. quickly
33. finish
34. Indian
read
35. ——
36. Sally
37. ——
38. bakery
flowers
39. ——
40. ——
41. ——
42. different
43. ——
44. piece
started
45. cookies
gingerbread
46. batter
eyes
47. climb
hair
48. fell
49. covered
50. apples
near
51. cat
ground
52. coach
golden
53. footmen
(man)
princess
54. hill
live
55. pretty
56. ate
side
57. ——
58. rode
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87. hurdy-gurdy
spring
88. ragged
woman
89. politely
sell
90. bread
smell
91. neat
tidy
92. gay
park
93. through
94. chair
fresh
95. sit
96. music
often
97. leave
queer
98. handle
round
99. merry
100. dance
ring
101. bell
teacher
102. such
mayor
103. ——
104. ——

105. also
father
106. ——
107. ——
108. ——
109. picnic
sand-
wiches
110. ——
111. ——
112. ——
113. seemed
wise
114. small
wife
115. build
doesn't
116. larger
promise
117. barn
grow
118. dirty
floor
119. knock
poor
120. food
nose
121. hasn't
122. sheep
unhappy
123. broken
patient
124. butter
feed
125. fill
last
126. slowly
127. rest
128. return
129. ——
130. ——
131. magic
wash
132. ——
133. ——
134. hose
wand
135. tapped
waved
136. robe
trunk
137. mind
138. ——
139. fence
grey
140. Chinese
141. dragon
142. blow
143. pet
wrong
144. frightened
loud
145. ears
hind
146. feel
friend
147. careful
noise
148. shouted
149. ——
150. most
quiet
151. slept
152. bowed
hello
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160. middle
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189. clown
island
190. juggle
somersault
191. card
report
192. joke
193. pass
test
194. whole
world
195. beard
ten
196. Monday
Thursday
197. loaf
puff
198. clever
199. lucky
Tuesday
200. ——
201. late
young
202. dear
oh
203. flew
hen
204. Wednesday
205. ——
206. twelve
207. nest
roll
208. egg
laid
209. paper
step
210. ——
211. carpet
212. pin
213. ——
214. ——
215. ——
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217. ——
218. ——
219. finger
touch
220. shut
tie
221. cloth
plain
222. pair
wide
223. narrow
sew
224. ——
225. scissors
ruffle
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228. chop
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The illustrations for "Noodle," "The Queer Apron," "The Magic Glasses," and pages 4 and 187 were made by Albert D. and Violet Jousset; those for "Home with the Mumps," "Snipp and His Brothers," and pages 1 and 3 by Mary Stevens; those for "The Seven White Cats" and pages 65, 84, 158, 159, 164, 217, 232, 233, 243, 244, and 245 by Sally Tate; those for "The Hurdy-Gurdy Man," "Oswald Makes Magic," and page 86 by C. L. Hartman; those for "Bob's Elephant" by Harry Lees; and those for "Room Enough," "The Story of a Clown," and pages 85 and 188 by Leon Berthold; those for pages 252 and 253 by Bruno Frost.

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